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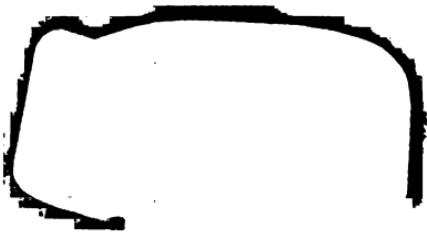
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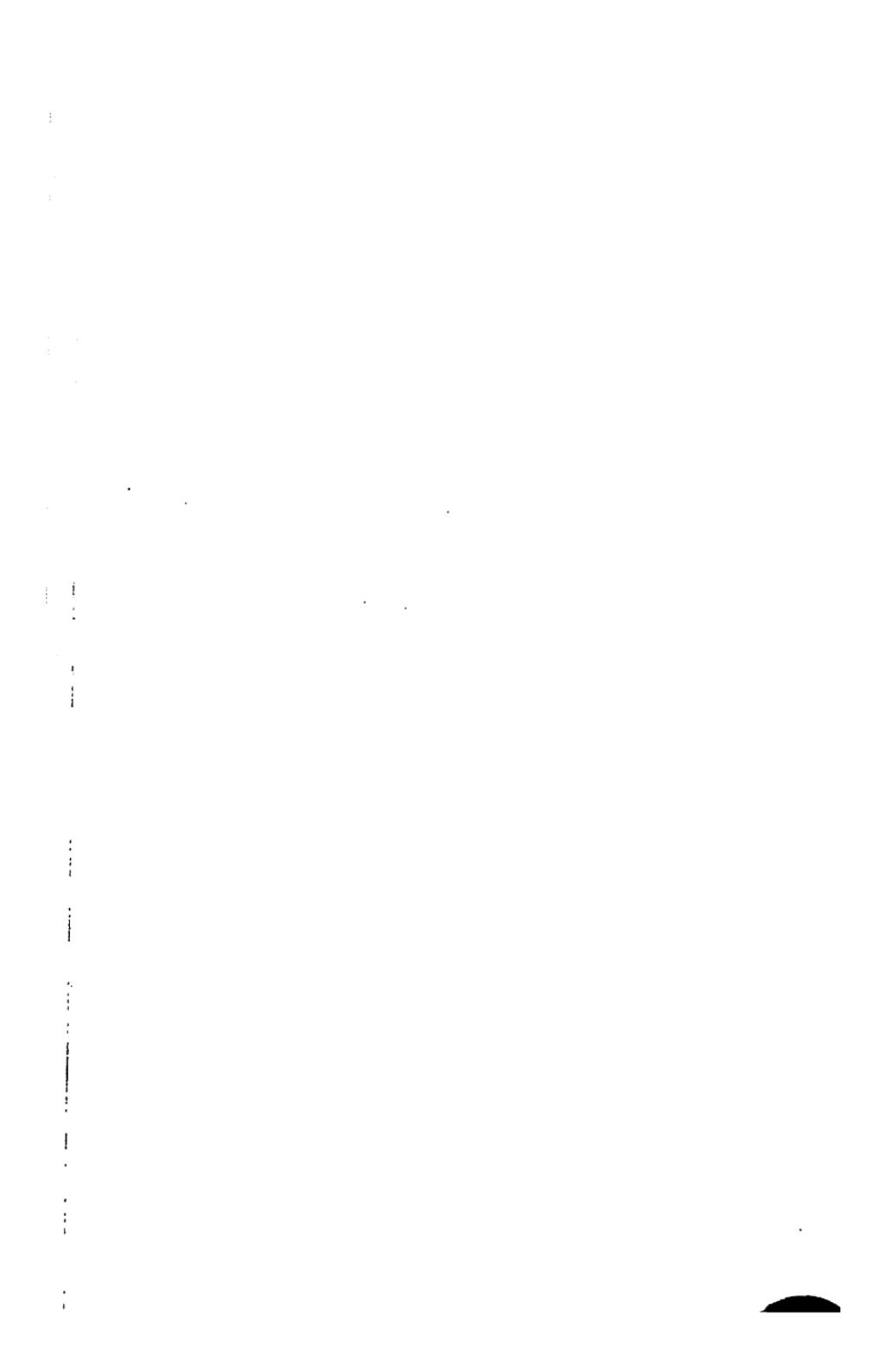


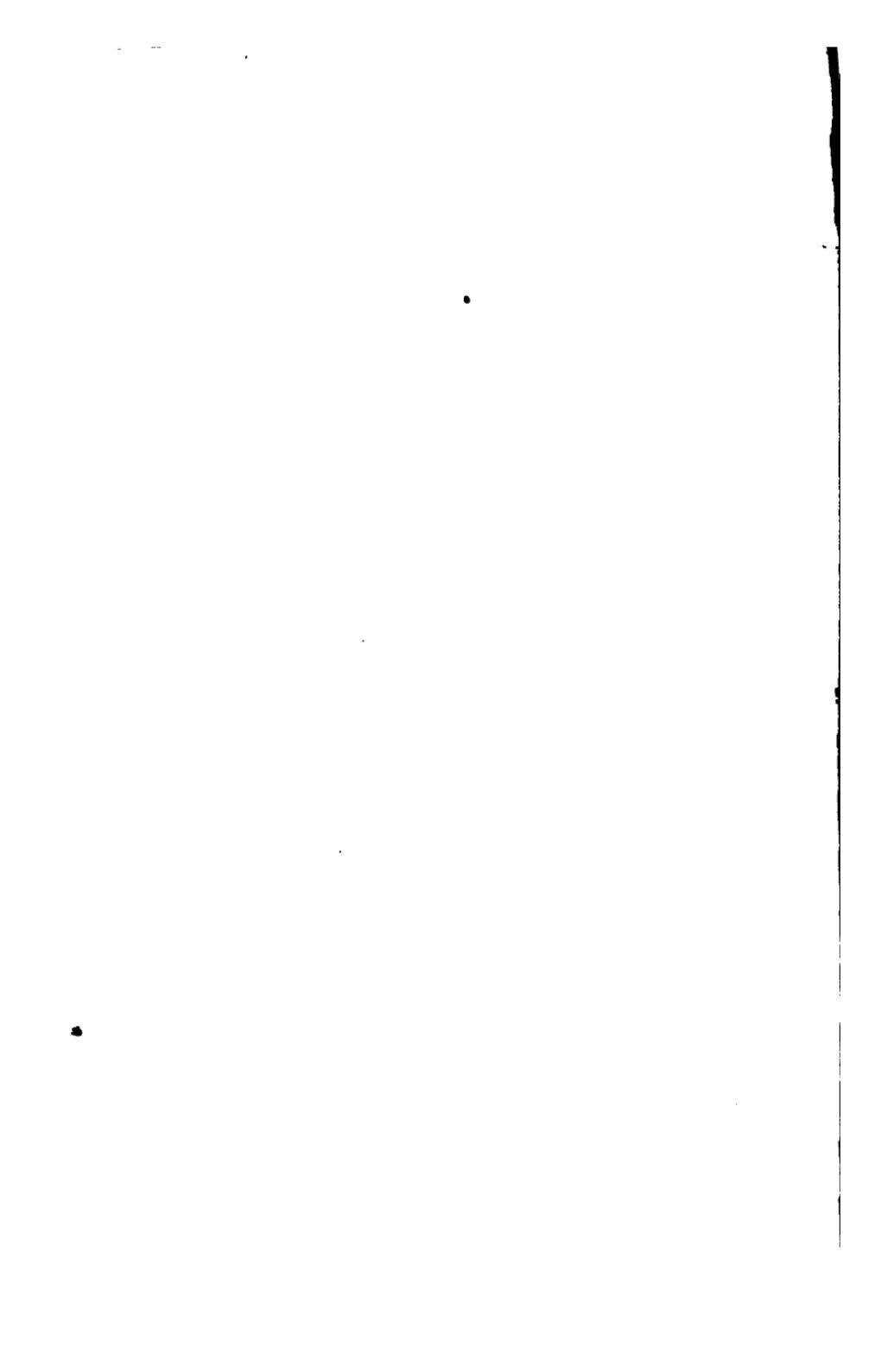
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George







THREE MONTHS ON THE CONTINENT;



OR,

THE RECORD OF A TOUR THROUGH
EUROPE IN 1874.

SUPPLEMENTED BY THE JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO THE GREAT
LAKES OF AMERICA, IN 1873.

BY W. H. K. GODFREY.

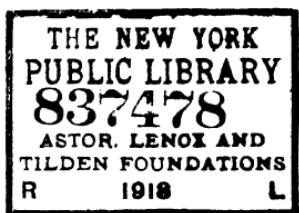
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To MY FRIENDS:—

It was never my intention to fall into the habit of many persons who go abroad, and then return and *write a book*. Every man to his profession or trade, and I, being no author, lay no claim to the work of an author,—namely, the writing of books. The matter contained in the following pages was originally a hastily written series of letters to the WATERBURY AMERICAN newspaper, and has been published in book form at the request of friends, mainly for private circulation. I wish, also, to acknowledge my indebtedness to Harper's Guide to Europe and the East, for facts and figures, which, in every instance in my experience, I found to be in the main correct, and worthy of reliance. As there are many who are wholly unacquainted with the beautiful scenery which characterizes the Upper Lake Region of our own Great Northwest, I append, at the close of the book, my letter to the AMERICAN descriptive of my trip to Lake Superior, made in the Summer of 1873. With the hope that renewed pleasure and satisfaction may be found in again reading these descriptions, I respectfully submit them for perusal.

W. H. K. GODFREY,

Waterbury, January 1st, 1875.

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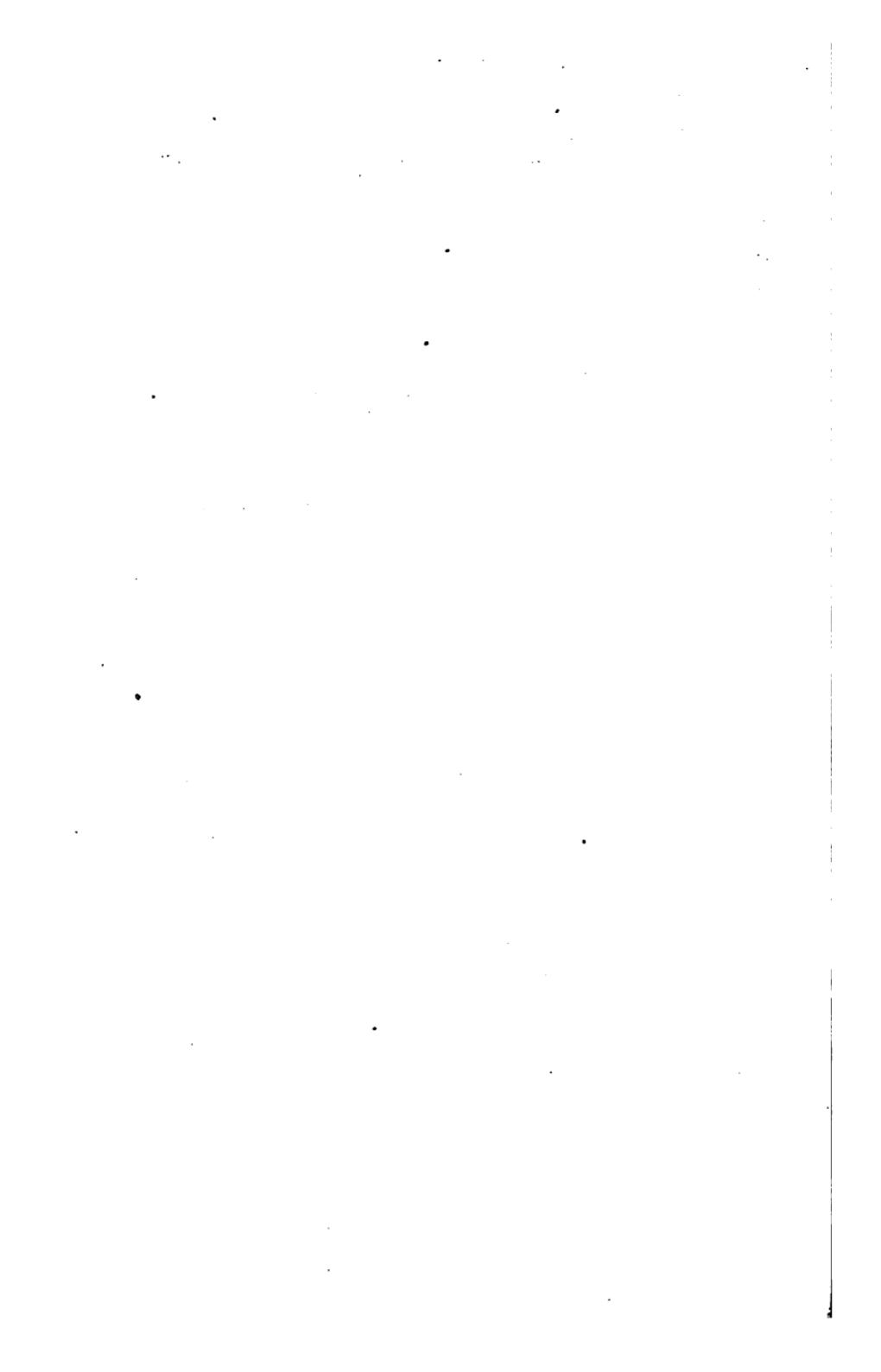
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THREE MONTHS ON THE CONTINENT.

LETTER I.

*The White Star Steamship Line—Description of their Ships—
Journal of the Voyage—Life upon the Ocean—Queenstown—
Arrival at Liverpool.*

WHITE STAR STEAMSHIP CELTIC,
OFF QUEENSTOWN, May 18th, 1874. {

IT is nine days ago to-day, at half-past eleven, since, standing upon the deck of the White Star steamship Celtic, we bade adieu to friends assembled on the steamer's wharf at Jersey City, and turned our faces eastward towards a foreign land. Favored by fair winds and clear weather we have had a speedy passage and are at present writing off Queenstown, and near the completion of our voyage.

There has much been said and written of the monotony of ocean life, and especially that of a voyage across the Atlantic, but we have had no time for the thing to grow monotonous. A fine ship, agreeable company, and pleasant weather have all combined to make the time pass swiftly and agreeably away. Our ship, the Celtic, is one of the finest of the North Atlantic fleet, her officers competent, and giving passengers every attention possible for the promotion of comfort and pleasure on the voyage. The loss of the Atlantic upon the Nova Scotia coast some year or more ago, has somewhat affected the reputation of the White Star Company, people fearing to cross the ocean in their ships; in reality, however, these fears are groundless, for there are no finer or better ships upon the ocean than

those of the White Star line. Their extreme length in proportion to their width, has been made a ground of objection, but experience is proving its advantage instead. The Cunard company are at the present time building two new ships (the Scythia and Bothnia), and are developing in their construction this very principle, showing the objections to have arisen more from prejudice than from actual defect in their style or plan. A description of our vessel may be of interest, and will answer for the whole White Star fleet, for they are built after one general design. She is of iron throughout, long, sharp, and intended for speed, and carries four masts, being full ship-rigged,—carrying two jibs, and square sails to the royals, to assist the powerful screw. She is divided into water-tight compartments, each connected by sliding gates, which in case of emergency can be opened or closed as needed. Her upper works, deck houses, etc., are of boiler iron bolted to the iron decks—which are floored with wood—and are capable of resisting the strongest sea. The main saloon, which is also the dining hall, extends the whole width of the ship, and is well lighted direct from the outside. It is substantially finished and furnished in crimson, with a pier in the center, supporting an octagon of mirrors, around which are arranged groups of statuary, and parterres of flowers. At either end are elegant bouffets, and large mirrors multiplying, by reflection, the detail indefinitely. A good library and piano are also attached to the ship, to which the saloon passengers have at all times free access. The staterooms, both forward and aft, are roomy and convenient, all having "fresh water laid on," a luxury which those who make the ocean passage know well how to appreciate; they are all well lighted directly from the outside, and, though between decks on the saloon floor, they are subject to thorough and complete ventilation. The vessel is well supplied with life-pre-

servers, and carries eight Francis life-boats on her upper deck. Though a fire would be something like the burning of a handful of shavings in an iron vessel, yet ample provision is made against it, by fire extinguishers, steam pumps, and lines of hose constantly laid in the proper places throughout the ship. A patent steering gear is in use, whereby, through the agency of steam, a child can handle the helm in the heaviest sea. The table is excellent; and if the Celtic is an example of the others, the company may properly adopt as their motto "safety, speed, and comfort." A condensed report from my journal will give perhaps the best idea of our daily life at sea.

SATURDAY, May 9—Left dock, at Jersey City, at 11 a.m.; large crowd to witness our departure. At 2 p. m. outside Sandy Hook, discharged pilot and stood eastward under sail and steam. Sailed at same time Algeria (Cunard), City of Brussels (Inman), and Queen (National). Number of saloon passengers one hundred and two. At sundown, wind southwest and fresh; Algeria and City of Brussels both astern. 9:30 p. m., passed steamship Adriatic from Liverpool, April 30, for New York.

SUNDAY, May 10—Wind veered to the eastward during the night; have taken in all sail and are now wholly under steam. Weather thick with slight swell. In the forenoon, passed a barque bound south. Divine service in the saloon at 10:30, attended by all the passengers, the purser officiating. No sermon, *Charles* being indisposed. In the afternoon, passengers all on deck wrapped in shawls and blankets. At 6 p. m. in the edge of the Gulf Stream. Wind fresh from northeast. Dinner at this hour, after which, singing by the passengers. We are mostly Americans, and the familiar airs, Coronation, Martyn, and Old Hundred, and the sweet songs of the New England Sunday schools, "Out on an Ocean," "Rest for the Weary" and "Beautiful

River" fill the cabin with their harmony. This, upon an English steamship, seems indeed a little strange. We have made in twenty-two and a half hours a run of two hundred and ninety-seven miles.

MONDAY, May 11 — Weather in the forenoon, rainy, with strong wind from northeast. Obtained an observation at 11 a. m., finding we had made three hundred and two miles. In the afternoon, sky cleared, but wind still northeast and fresh. At 6 p. m., off Sable Island, and standing eastward under sail and steam. Passed several barques bound west, all in ballast. Passengers getting acquainted and becoming social in the saloon. Passed to-day the latitude of the spot where the Atlantic went ashore on the Nova Scotia coast.

TUESDAY, May 12 — Wind during the night veered to the northwest, and this morning finds us bowling along before a fourteen-knot breeze; passed several sail. Exchanged signals with an English barque whose captain had lost his reckoning. We are approaching the Newfoundland banks; the weather is cold, and there is a stiff sea running; the ship rolls heavily, and many give signs of sickness. The few who are on deck huddle under the lee of the smoke-stack, or sit in their steamer chairs tied to the rails of the wheel-house, and wrapped in blankets, like so many Egyptian mummies set up in a row for exhibition; and here let me say, that shawls and warm wraps are indispensable to comfort at sea, for though the sun shines, there is always a cold breeze upon the ocean, and many times chilling fogs, rendering such protection necessary if one would stay on deck, and there, rain or shine, much of the time is spent. Also take a camp or steamer chair with your name marked upon it. You can move it about as occasion requires. They are stacked on deck at night and distributed when wanted. At noon to-day, our reckoning posted in the saloon gangway, showed our run for the past twenty-four hours

to have been 3144 miles, bringing us to the edge of the Great Bank of Newfoundland. Temperature of the water has decreased since yesterday from 47° to 32° F, giving indications of our proximity to ice.

WEDNESDAY, May 13—During the night, wind hauled to the westward, and increased to a gale. We are running under reefed topsails and ship rolling in the heavy sea. Captain reports two icebergs, visible from the fore-cross-trees to windward; temperature of water 34°, are to-day across the Banks, and running at rate of thirteen and a half knots. Ice is reported on our larboard quarter, and the points of a small berg can be seen from the promenade deck. 6 p. m., passed Cunard steamer *Atlas*, from Liverpool for Boston, also a large steamer bound west, too far off to make her out. Our run, ending at noon to-day, was for twenty-four hours three hundred and twenty miles.

THURSDAY, May 14—Tremendous sea running all night, and ship rolling; passengers thrown about in state-rooms and among the berths promiscuously. Ship's pantry shows evidence of intention on part of steward to "break up house-keeping." During the day, wind moderates and sea goes down, and when the sea goes *down* the passengers go *up* on deck and enjoy themselves. Through the kindness of First Officer Burleigh and Chief Engineer Watson, have inspected the motive power of the ship. The engines and boilers are in the center of the ship, and occupy the entire space from the kelson plates to the upper deck. The engines are on the compound principle, built by Forrester of Liverpool; they are direct acting, each having two cylinders, one superposed upon the other, the top one, four feet in diameter, taking steam from the boilers—under an average pressure of 66 lbs.—and exhausting into the lower one, six feet in diameter, thence into a huge condenser, both pistons being upon a common spindle and having a common stroke of six feet, steam cut at

half stroke. The faces of the guides traversed by the cross-heads are enormous, six feet by two ; between these plunge the huge crossheads rotating the cranks at a velocity of fifty-two revolutions per minute. The shaft is one hundred and thirty feet long, sixteen inches in diameter outside the cranks, and eighteen inches in diameter at the cranks where the power is applied. The reversing apparatus is attached to the main valve gear, and operated by steam. They are worked up to 2,500 horse power, though nominally rated at only 600. Steam is furnished by twelve boilers situated just forward of the engines, in two lines of six each, and set parallel with the length of the ship, with working room between. Each boiler is heated by two furnaces, whose ash pits lie upon the plates above the bottom of the ship, making twenty-four furnaces in all, twelve in a row. The coal bunkers occupy the space between the ship's skin, as it is termed, and the boilers, coal being fed into the stoke-hole down huge shutes, one between each boiler on both sides. Our consumption of coal, is from sixty to seventy tons per day, giving us, with the sails, a speed of thirteen to fourteen knots. The City of Brussels (Inman), engines *not* compounded, consumes one hundred tons daily, and runs behind our speed, a knot per day. Are having a fine run to-day. An observation at noon, shows our twenty-four hours run to have been three hundred and twenty-eight miles. Passed a German steamer bound west, who refused to answer our signals.

FRIDAY, May 15—Wind veered to southwest during the night ; smooth sea and clear sky. Passed three sail bound west. Nothing occurred to-day out of the usual routine, passengers sitting about the decks or in the saloons, passing time as pleasantly as they may, while we steadily plough our way toward the sun rising. At 10 a. m. passed a small boat bottom up, and a piece of plank drifting near

by. At noon, our run, as posted, was three hundred and fourteen miles. Wind, at sundown, light from the southwest.

SATURDAY, May 16—A week to-day since we left New York, and all has been merry as a marriage bell; 'tis the finest day experienced during the passage. Sea is calm as the Sound on a Summer's day; passed a school of whales in the morning, a thing new to most of us, seeing them spouting in various directions, as we passed along. Sea gulls, who have accompanied us the entire voyage, circle around in swift gyrations. In the afternoon passed steamship Spain, of National line, and a Williams & Guion steamer both bound west, each two days from Queenstown. At noon to-day, the captain states our run to have been three hundred and thirty-two miles.

SUNDAY, May 17—In the morning, a cloudy sky, head wind, and light showers; soon cleared, and weather fine; sea beautifully blue, and shimmering in the sunlight; no waves, no swell, only that brilliant, dancing, sparkling gleam, so beautiful to look upon. We hear and read of "the blue Mediterranean." Can it be more beautiful than this? I think not. Service at 10:30 in the cabin. The captain leads in the beautiful and impressive service of the Episcopal church. The steerage passengers, clean and neatly dressed, occupy one side of the cabin, the saloon passengers the other. Our voyage is near its close, and as the prayer for those at sea goes up from the captain's lips, universal and impressive is the "Amen" responded; and then "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah," and "Jesus, Lover of my Soul"! Was it possible we were upon the sea? And here a word for our noble captain, a true specimen of manhood, and faithful to duty. We all agree that his superior does not stand upon a steamship's bridge. Long life and prosperity to Captain Kiddle

of the Celtic. You who would cross the ocean sail with him if you can. The afternoon is spent speculating as to the time of our arrival at Queenstown and watching for sail. Many are writing to send home by steamer to-morrow, for we have but two hundred and seventy-eight miles to run to reach that point; shall sight Cape Clear early to-morrow morning. Our run at noon to-day, three hundred and twenty-six miles.

MONDAY, May 18 — Approaching the Irish coast. At 3 a. m. passed the Skelligs, and at 4, the light on Dursey Head flashed out through the haze, and as the day dawned, Brow Head loomed up before us. This is a promontory jutting out into the sea on the summit of which is the telegraph station from whence vessels are reported to Queenstown, still seventy-four miles distant, thence to Valentia and New York. The "White Star" soon fluttered from our mast head, and was answered from the Head. "Now," said the captain, scanning the shore with his glass, "we are reported at New York." Twenty miles beyond and Fastness Rock and light appear, and then in the rays of the morning sun, the bold promontory of Cape Clear, marking the southern point of the Irish coast. The cape is a bold headland extending into the sea, the end of a mountain range reaching back into the country, and is bare and rocky; upon the ridge is seen the ruins of the old lighthouse which was dismantled at the time of the building of that on Fastness Rock. We sail very near the shore, which is bold and prominent, here and there a deep bay setting back behind the hills, and at ten o'clock are off Queenstown. Boat coming off with pilot. Passengers for Ireland and Scotland preparing to leave the ship. No signs of the Algeria or City of Brussels; we are ahead of them all.

The situation of Queenstown is exceedingly picturesque; built upon the hillside, fronting the bay, the view as we

approached was attractive. We did not enter the harbor. The Lord Clyde took our mails and passengers, and we kept on to Liverpool.

On the right, above the light-house, is seen the beautiful estate of the Earl of Mayo, late Viceroy of India, which covers a large territory. Prominent landmarks are the light-houses,—white towers, surrounded with white fences, which occupy the principal elevations all along the coast. Ballycotton, Saltee, and Mine Head, are the principal; we steamed just near enough to see them all distinctly. The day was fine, the sea smooth, and as we sailed it seemed like the passage of some beautiful panorama. It reminded me of the day we entered the St. Clair, on our trip last season to Lake Superior; the same blue shimmering sea, and the same beautiful cloud belts hanging upon the horizon. I could scarcely realize we were in the waters of the St. George's channel. We pass Tuskar, a large rock rising directly from the water, on which stands a light-house, and head across the channel for Holyhead and Liverpool. When morning again dawned, we had dropped anchor and were swinging with the tide in the Mersey—nine days and thirteen hours from New York. The fleet which left with us, were behind us still; we had beaten them all to Liverpool. In eight hours came the Algeria, and in twelve, the Brussels; but we from the Celtic were all ashore, and about our business.

LETTER II.

Liverpool—The Docks—Public Buildings—Outgoing Railways—Environ of the City—Manchester—Its Business and Manufactures—The English Railways as compared with those in America.

THREE is but little in Liverpool to interest the traveler.

An old city with a large commerce is about all that may be said of it. The buildings are solid and substantial, but have a dingy look that has little attractiveness. The streets run at all angles, and a stranger, as he traverses them, is strongly reminded of Boston in America. The docks are the principal attraction,—the finest, probably, and most extensive, in the world. Seven miles of huge basins with granite walls upon the Liverpool side, and four miles upon the side of Birkenhead. Through these walls at intervals are gates admitting the passage of vessels at high tide, and closing behind them, retaining the water and ships while the tide outside ebbs and flows at will. The fall in the Mersey at this point is some twenty feet, but a vessel once inside the basin can load and unload without moving from position. The quantity of shipping thus provided for, is probably greater than that of any port in the whole world. The dry docks are of the same immense and massive character. The large ships of the Inman and Cunard lines can be docked and put in position for repairs in a little space of time. As little attractiveness as Liverpool may have in other directions these docks are worthy of attention and notice. The city has, however, become Americanized in one thing. It has a horse railway, the result of the efforts of

George Francis Train,—a success that meets a due appreciation. St. George's Hall, a large, dingy looking building in St. George's Place, and containing the great organ, the monument erected in honor of the Duke of Wellington, the Brown Museum, and Free Library are objects of interest. From hence go out three railways, the main avenues of communication with the other portions of the Island,—the Northwestern, Central, and Midland, their stations handsome and commodious structures. Thirty miles out on the Northwestern is Manchester, the great center and capital of the cotton manufacture, a city of some three hundred and sixty-seven thousand souls. Leaving Liverpool from the Lime street station, and passing through the tunnel that underlies the city, our eyes rest for the first time upon an English landscape. It was to us, like entering a new world. When we left New York nature had not put off her brown apparel. Ten days upon the sea, and a day within the walls of Liverpool, and then, as if by magic, the bright, beautiful green of the early Spring appeared to us as we shot out upon the road towards Manchester. A beautiful country to look upon is that environing Liverpool, level as may be, with hedge rows for fences and the houses nestled among the trees. We passed Parkside, where the noble but unfortunate Huskinson, M. P., was killed by the first locomotive ever built, at the time of the opening of the first railroad which had been constructed by the Stephensons, between Liverpool and Manchester. His remains rest in the cemetery of St. James, over which has been erected a marble statue of the deceased habited in a toga. We reached Manchester at 10 a. m., the emporium of the cotton trade; it is the largest city supported by its special manufacture in the world. Its streets are broad, well paved, and clean. Walking up Market street, it was easy to fancy we were in Broadway, the buildings older, perhaps, but there were the broad walks

crowded with people, the displays of merchandise in the shop windows, the omnibuses and vehicles of all kinds rattling along the streets, presenting the same general features which characterize the American metropolis. Three places of interest demanded our notice: the factory of Richard Johnson's nephew on Bradford road, from whence comes the best quality of iron wire for telegraph and other purposes; the manufactory of H. Wilde & Co., electrical engineers on Mill street, and the noted publishing house of John Heywood, the senior and founder, and at the time of his decease Lord Mayor of the city. We were in each instance well received, and treated with attention and courtesy, which has caused in us a high appreciation of the industries and manufactures of Manchester. The Infirmary, The Exchange, and Cathedral, are objects of interest. Most of the great progressive movements of the age have found their ablest exponents and most energetic supporters, known as the "Manchester school of politicians," in this place. A word or two concerning the English railways. With due deference to the opinions of those whose experience causes expressions of favor in regard to them, it appears to me they are lacking in several essential points; the roads are excellent, but their equipments poor. Could the genial superintendent of our Naugatuck witness the engines and cars composing the trains, he might well be pardoned if he smiled. They are too familiar to need special description, but the money expended in the construction of Naugatuck No. 14 or 15 would place upon the rails a whole English train, engine and all. If Engineer Abel, with the "Wolcottville," could not outdraw two of these engines, he should resign his throttle, and find "plenty room outside." Fancy the portly form of Conductor Beers, or the slim figure of Conductor Peet appearing with such a train and shouting, "All aboard." They would resign their badges in disgust,

and cobble shoes or train turtles rather than conduct trains like these. America may be proud of her railway system, for it is superior to that of England. To-morrow we leave for London. News reaches us per cable of the accident at Williamsburg. It is spoken of with regret by all Americans.

LETTER III.

From Liverpool to London—Scenery en route—Arrival in the Metropolis—Hotels—Parks—Places and Objects of Interest—Westminster and St. Paul's—Scientific Institutions—Environs of London.

FROM Liverpool to London *via* Crewe and Rugby: distance two hundred miles, time by fast express, about five hours. The railway passes through the finest and most cultivated portion of England, and the scenery, as viewed from the car window, is, to American eyes, beautiful in the extreme. The country is, as it were, one immense park or pleasure ground, being comparatively level, and every acre under cultivation either for grass or crops. There are no fences. The famous and now beautiful hawthorne hedge, with white wooden gates at the entrances, divides the estates from each other, and sub-divides the estates into fields and meadows. The maple, hawthorn, and English elm grow in abundance, and are all kept neatly trimmed, and as the country is now in the fresh green dress of early Spring, it is one beautiful panorama the whole distance. Occupying the compartment with us was an English wool merchant from London, familiar with the country, who pointed out all that was of special interest on the route. Just out of Liverpool we passed the estate and residence of the brother of the great premier, Gladstone, who is a merchant in Liverpool and one among the people. We leave the Manchester line at Warrington Junction, and proceed to Crewe, the first stopping place of the fast express from Liverpool. It is a town of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, whose chief occupa-

tion is the building of cars and locomotives for the North-western Company. Beyond Crewe we pass Stafford, the ruins of whose ancient castle appear on an eminence to our right. Here is also the birthplace of Isaak Walton, the famous fisherman. At Litchfield (next station) is an ancient cathedral, its three spires visible from the train. We are also shown the residence of Lady Radcliffe, famous from her connection with the Tichbourne case, a stone castellated dwelling, in the midst of a fine estate through which the railway passes, the house being but a few rods from the embankment. The feeling seems to be peculiarly bitter against the "claimant," as he is termed, our companion stating, "he would be hung by the people to the nearest tree, if they could lay hands on him,"—Lady Radcliffe being an especial favorite with them. We halt at Rugby five minutes, and then no stop until we reach the Euston-street terminus, situated in the northwestern part of London. It is one of the principal railway stations in the city, and though of course upon arrival of express trains there is a great crowd of people, there is little confusion, passengers alight, call a cab or a "four wheeler," pick out their baggage, which accompanies them in the same van or car, and are off at once to their destination in the city.

The hotel accommodations in London are good, if one knows where to find them. We had been recommended to try Morley's on Trafalgar Square, and drove thither on our arrival. Its reputation must be derived from its location, rather than from any merit inherent in the house itself. Fronting on Trafalgar Square, its windows look out upon the famous Nelson's column, surmounted by a statue of Nelson, and flanked by the noted Lions couchant, by Landseer. On one side of the monument is a statue of Gen. Havelock and on the other, one of Sir Charles Napier. In front of the monument is the place of execution of the Regicides, and

farther down, the place where Charles himself was beheaded. In the center of the square are two granite fountains, and on the north side, the National Gallery of paintings. Inside the hotel all is lacking, and we were glad to "change our base," and find quarters at the Charing Cross hotel, Charing Cross station, on the Strand, where we have good rooms and attention at moderate charges. Of London, one must say either very much or very little. A detailed description of objects and places of interest to the sight seer would occupy pages and become dull and wearisome. It may be had by reference to any of the numerous guide books which abound, but to the American, there are a few places which possess more than a common interest. Our first sally was on the evening of our arrival, to Madame Tussaud's wax work exhibition on Baker street. A large hall, some two hundred and fifty feet long by fifty wide, decorated with gilded carvings and hung with crimson curtains contains models or fac similes in wax, of all the personages famous in English, and many in continental, history, from the earliest kings to the present time each figure habited in the costume of their time and country, and disposed of singly or in groups, according as they were connected in history with each other or not. The costumes are elegant and costly, especially in the line of royalty, and the facial expression is so wonderfully life-like as to deceive many who come here for the first time, into the belief that some of them possess life and motion. Here are also seen many relics of Napoleon: the camp bedstead used by him at St. Helena, with the mattress and pillow upon which he died; Napoleon's carriage taken at Waterloo, beside many minor relics too numerous for description; a turnkey with which Dr. O'Meara extracted an aching tooth from the head of the great general, and the *tooth itself* lying near by upon a little tablet in the case. In point of interest, there is as much

here as in any one public exhibition in London, and the hall is always crowded.

One of the attractive features of London is the beautiful parks and gardens with which it abounds. You cannot drive far in any direction without coming out upon one of them. The larger and most noted are the St. James, fronting which is Buckingham Palace, the Queen's residence when in the city, and the place of entertainment of the Russian Czar on the occasion of his recent visit to his daughter, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and on the right, the buildings of the Horse Guards; it contains about ninety acres. Hyde Park, containing some three hundred and eighty-eight acres, is very beautiful. Opposite the Princes Gate stands Royal Albert Hall, a noble building, publicly opened by the Queen in 1871. It is circular in form, beautifully decorated, and will hold fifteen thousand people. In the adjoining buildings are held the annual international exhibitions of works of science and art. The art galleries are noticeable. Ranged upon the walls are pictures, all by modern artists, the detail of which it is not possible to give in writing. We gave them but a passing glance, days must be spent where we spent moments, to give them all their due attention.

One of the most noted monuments in London stands in Hyde Park, opposite the Albert Hall. It is the national monument to the Prince Consort ; a magnificent Gothic structure one hundred and seventy-five feet high, that defies description. Its reputed cost is six hundred thousand dollars. Near by is Regents Park, covering four hundred and seventy-two acres, and ornamented with sculptures, flowers, lakes, and villas. It contains the famous Zoölogical Gardens, the finest collection in the kingdom, and also the Botanical Garden, around which there is a fine drive.

Of the sacred edifices, Westminster Abbey heads the list. We attended service within its walls on Sunday. Around

it cluster memories of the deepest interest. Here are the ashes of the illustrious dead enshrined, and here are tablets to their memory. Kings and Queens, crowned within its walls, sleep beneath its cloisters. Statesman and poet distinguished in life, in death is their memory here perpetuated. Said Nelson, in a speech on the eve of one of his victories, —showing the estimation in which the honor of being buried here is held by the nation—“A peerage or Westminster Abbey.” Familiar to us are the poet names of Dryden, Shakespeare, Spencer, Addison, Southe, Sheridan, and Campbell, here are they memorialized, and here lie the ashes of Pitt, Fox, Canning, Peel, and Palmerston, names ever held in lasting remembrance by a grateful nation. It was to us an experience not soon to be forgotten.

In the evening, service at St. Paul’s, the largest sacred edifice in the world except St. Peter’s at Rome. It covers three acres of ground, and its lofty dome is visible for miles around the city; within the dome is the great bell, ten feet in diameter and weighing four and one-half tons, which is only tolled on the occasion of a death in the royal family. From this dome is beheld a beautiful view of the city. In its vaults are buried Wellington, Nelson, Benjamin West, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the great architect, Sir Christopher Wren. The cathedral was thirty-five years in building, and one architect, one bishop, and one mason saw it through.

The public buildings in London are too numerous to be described in detail. Superficially they may be spoken of thus: before us is a pile of stone of one style of architecture, it is the Royal Exchange; on our right is another massive building of another style of architecture, it is the General Post-Office, and so on. The Houses of Parliament, near Westminster, merit special notice from their elegant design and detail of architecture. The Victoria Tower on the

southwest corner is the most conspicuous erection in the city. It is three hundred and forty-six feet high (more than one-third higher than the steeple of our own St. John's) and seventy-five feet square, and is surmounted, in common with the lesser towers, with numerous small pinnacles which pierce the sky. They stand on the site of the old Houses of Parliament which were destroyed by fire in 1834, and cost some eight millions of dollars. The Westminster bridge crosses the Thames at this point, which is the most elegant of all the London bridges. It is of iron on stone piers, is eleven hundred and sixty feet long and eighty-five wide, being probably the widest in the world. From this bridge can be had the best view of the river front of the beautiful Houses of Parliament. One of the most magnificent pieces of engineering in the vicinity of London is here; it is the "Thames embankment." A huge granite wall has been built running parallel with the river, and extending from Westminster to Blackfriars bridge, protecting an elegant quay from the water. It is some hundred feet in width, and is used as a promenade; beneath it runs the great sewer, and alongside, the underground railway. Its cost was some two and a half millions of dollars.

Among the places possessing an interest for the scientist are the Royal Society, the "London Polytechnic," and the "Royal Institution of Great Britain." The "Polytechnic," as it is popularly called, is on Regent street where the truths of science are presented to the people by means of lectures and experiments. The hall contains models of all that is curious in mechanical, and a laboratory of all which is novel in chemical science. Prof. J. H. Pepper, who has become known to many from lectures recently given in the States, is the presiding genius. I went thither last evening. A young man was endeavoring to demonstrate from a platform the philosophy of magnetism, but his apparatus was

crude, and his explanations not explicit, and I could but draw comparison between it and the beautiful experiments and apparatus illustrating the same subject presented to us in Waterbury last Winter by Messrs. White and Crosby. In the center of the hall, supported by two rubber posts or pillars, is the corpse of the Great Induction Coil, built for the institution by Mr. Apps. It was intended to give a five foot spark, but the reasoning upon which the plan of construction was based was false, and the five feet have dwindled to five inches. It is the body of a giant with the soul of a child. In pleasing contrast are the Royal Society, Burlington House, Piccadilly, and the Royal Institution on Albemarle street. The first stands highest in reputation of any scientific body in the world except the French Academy at Paris. It was incorporated by royal charter in 1663, Charles II and the Duke of York being among the members. Here were the revelations of Newton and Herschel made known, together with the discoveries of Sir Humphrey Davy, and here took place those brilliant researches which have made immortal the name and fame of Michael Farady. The second, the Royal Institution, was established in 1799, at a meeting held at the house of Sir Joseph Banks for diffusing knowledge and facilitating the general introduction of useful mechanical inventions, improvements, &c. Prof. Tyndall is of this institution, and also Prof. Proctor, whose lectures on astronomy have lately been given in the chief cities of the States. He is now giving a course of lectures at the Institution on the "Planetary System"; admission only obtained through a member's order, or by subscription to the whole course.

The British and Kensington museums are places usually visited by the stranger. They contain specimens, of every description, of all that is rare and curious, gathered from all parts of the world. Statues from Greece, and busts from

Rome; mummies from Memphis, and royal sarcophagii from the ruins of Thebes; animals from the land, and fishes from the sea; paintings, by masters old and new; jewels and precious stones,—in fact, there is scarcely a curiosity in the world which, at the one place or the other, is not found either in original or duplicate. Glancing superficially at everything, we could, of course, take in but little of the vast detail,—yet we had to be satisfied.

There are many excursions to the environs of London that attract the stranger, some of which we have visited. The Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and Hampton Court and Palace, were among them. Through the kindness of our former fellow-townsman, R. Hunting, Esq., now a resident of London, we visited the latter on Whit Monday. Though stormy, the drive through the noble avenue of horse chestnut trees in Bushey Park, through which the road passes, alone repaid us for the trip, to say nothing of other pleasures experienced. Mr. H. and his estimable lady are noted for the hospitality they so cordially extend to their American friends visiting this side the water. We have also been favored with a call from H. Lyman, Esq., another of Waterbury's sons, who has for many years been a resident of the metropolis, and appearing as though London life was far from being distasteful to him. The Rev. Prof. Russell called on us last evening; he sails for home on the 15th. H. E. Russell, Esq., of New Britain, wife and son (student at Oxford), are at Queen's Hotel, Cork Street. We all met a few evenings since, a pleasant party, all Americans. We leave for Paris by early continental train to-morrow.

LETTER IV.

London to Paris—Route via Dover and Calais—Paris—Meeting Acquaintances—Sights of Paris—Its Monuments, Art Galleries, and Churches—Its Parks and Gardens—Amusements—Versailles—The Pere le Chaise.

BEAUTIFUL Paris! justly the pride of the French nation, and the most beautiful city in the civilized world. We came hither *via* Dover and Calais; time, ten and one-half hours from London. The country through which we passed, after leaving London, wore much the same general aspect as that from Liverpool, save more hilly as we neared the sea. The fields were crimson with the blossoms of a peculiar kind of clover, that seems to grow in great profusion. Making no stop we passed through a tunnel in the great chalk cliffs, and were at once upon the wharf at Dover. Hence to Calais, twenty-two miles across the channel; time, two and one-half hours. The sea was not rough, and Neptune claimed but few votaries. A new line of iron boats, somewhat American in style, have recently been put upon the route, and the passage is really not as unpleasant as it is usually made to seem. Landing at Calais we landed in a new world. It was "*Il fait un temps superbe, Monsieur,*" or "*Il fait bien chaud, Madame,*" and we could only answer, "We are Americans, and do not understand"; on which we were politely stared at, and then let alone. Passing through Boulogne, a beautiful city upon the English channel, and a famous sea-side resort during the bathing season, and Amiens, where was signed the famous though short-lived treaty of 1802, between France and England, and where is situated

one of the finest cathedrals on the continent, containing, among other relics, the *genuine* head of John the Baptist, we, at 5:30, reached the French capital, and were driven to our hotel. On Rue Scribe, near the Grand Opera House, is the Hotel de Athénée, one of the most comfortable and home-like hotels in Paris. English is spoken, and it is largely patronized by Americans. Descending to the restaurant, what should appear to us but the familiar form of our well-known townsman, Leroy S. White, Esq., who, with a friend from New York, had preceded us, and had been some little time in the land of the "*parlez vous*." Unconscious of our approach, he was showing, by well-directed assaults upon the viands before him, his appreciation of French *cuisine*, and not until by the voice of the writer, "Does it taste *good*, White?" was he aware of our presence. It was a pleasant meeting to all, and the pleasure of our visit has been greatly enhanced by their company. 'Twas a beautiful evening, and the rays of the full moon streamed upon us as we drove out upon the Champs-Elysées, and joined the crowd that came and went on this one of the most beautiful boulevards of the city. Entering from the Rue Royal, the famous obelisk from Luxor, in the Place de la Concorde, gleamed before us, and turning to the right, into the beautiful and brilliantly-lighted thoroughfare, away in the distance beyond, and above the line of the moving throng, stood up, in sharp outline, that grandest monument of the First Napoleon, the Arc de Triumph in the Place de l' Etoile, at the head of the avenue leading to the Bois de Boulogne. It is very difficult to give any adequate description of this beautiful thoroughfare. The sidewalks are of ample width, and laid in asphaltum. Cast iron lamp posts are placed along the edge of the walks, and, when lighted, the effect of the lamps is splendid. "In fine weather it is the favorite spot for all classes of people; continually from morning till night

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are circulating a multitude of sumptuous equipages going to and coming from the Bois de Boulogne, while on every side are beautiful groves surrounding the Cirque de l' Imperatrice, the Chateau des Fleurs, Jardin Mabille, and handsome coffee-houses, restaurants, concert rooms, and elegant fountains surrounded with flower beds, and when all is lighted by a thousand lamps, the scene is truly seductive. But on *fête* or holy days, when such an illumination takes place as that which followed the entrance of the troops from Italy, the scene is beyond description, when every building is transformed into a palace of fire and every tree into a pyramid of light; when the brilliancy of coloring disputes with the elegance of decoration it is indeed enchanting." We drove until we reached the Place de l' Etoile, and there, dim, and shadowy in the moonlight, rose before us that massive structure the "Arc de Triumph." Then and not till then did we appreciate its grandeur. Its symmetrical proportions, and beautiful plan of construction had hidden this until now, and as we gazed up into the huge archway, spanning the space above us, this grandeur burst upon us; we realized its vast proportions, and were still. The side nearest the Bois de Boulogne was injured by the Prussian shells in the late war, but its restoration is now nearly complete. From the summit is had a beautiful view of the city.

Next morning our work began, and if you will not weary, I will tell you what we saw. First to the Museum of the Louvre, whose galleries we explored, and through whose corridors we wandered until paintings and statuary, antiquities, curiosities and works of art, were mixed up in our minds in promiscuous confusion. It is said to be the finest museum in the world. West from the museum, and facing the beautiful garden of the Tuilleries, is the ruin of the palace of the Emperor. It was burned in 1871 by the Commune, but is being rapidly rebuilt. From his apart-

ments in the palace, the Emperor had an unobstructed view across the Tuilleries garden, the Place de la Concorde and out the Champs Elysees to the Arc de Triumph, a distance of some three miles. The old Louvre, which has recently been connected with the Tuilleries by the New Louvre, is considered in an architectural point of view to be unequalled by any building in the city except the Grand Opera House. The gateway in the centre is magnificent. The gates are of bronze, made by order of Napoleon. Its design is a perfect square, and its court one of the most beautifully decorated in Europe. Some idea of its size may be gained by the knowledge that it covers some sixty-three acres of ground.

Directly south of the Louvre, on the opposite side of the Seine, is the Palace of the Luxembourg, situated in the beautiful gardens of the same name. It was built by Maria de Medicis and bequeathed by her to her second son, the Duke of Orleans. The Gallery of Modern Art is here located, containing works of living artists, both sculptors and painters. Should an artist die whose picture or work is here exhibited, it is removed to the Louvre.

The Hotel Cluny or Cluny Museum, is of interest to the sight-seer. It is an odd building, erected by the Abbots of Cluny in the latter part of the fifteenth century. It is grey with age, and its walls are covered with ivy. It contains a vast collection of antiquities of all kinds and descriptions. Passing through the chapel we enter the Palais de Thermes, an old Roman edifice built in the sixth century. Its immense hall, once used for bathing purposes, is still almost perfect. It now contains many articles of Roman sculpture found in Paris at various times.

We have visited most of the Paris churches, each interesting from association more than from anything grand or beautiful in architecture, excepting, of course, the famed

church of Notre Dame. Approached from the rear its flying buttresses and numerous pinnacles present a pleasing effect, which is complete when you pass to the front and view the beautiful facade and towers. They are embellished with a profusion of carvings of all descriptions. The interior is magnificent. The arches have double entrances and are separated by two ranges of pillars surrounded on both sides by long galleries embellished with columns.

Among the monuments of Paris, the Column Vendome and Column Juli, are noted. The former was erected by Napoleon in honor of the success of the French armies and was copied from Trajan's column at Rome. It was demolished by the Communists, but is being rapidly restored, having reached the height of some one hundred and twenty-five feet in process. In the Place de la Bastile stands the Column Juli. It is of bronze on a white marble basement and surmounted with a colossal figure representing the Genius of Liberty. It is one hundred and fifty-four feet high and weighs one hundred and sixty-three thousand pounds. Go where you will in Paris and marks of the terrible siege to which the city was subjected by the Prussians, and the destruction which accompanied the uprising of the Commune, are visible, from the defacing of buildings by shot and shell, to their total destruction in many cases, as in the case of the Palace of the Tuilleries and Hotel de Ville.

It is exceedingly fortunate for Paris that there exists, but a short distance from the city, quarries of a peculiar kind of stone, which is so easily worked as to render the rebuilding of the destroyed portions of the city a matter of easy accomplishment, and under the direction of the government this is rapidly going on, and in all quarters the marks of the conflict will soon be entirely obliterated. Among the works now being vigorously prosecuted by the government is the Grand Opera House, conceded to be the most beautiful building

in the world; the public are excluded, work goes on uninterruptedly, night and day, week days and Sundays, with the expectation to have it completed and opened on New Year's next. Its cost will exceed ten millions of dollars.

The Hotel de Invalids and Palace of Industry were two places which had special interest for us. Beneath the dome of the former, in a beautiful circular crypt, repose the remains of the First Napoleon. No picture, or word painting, is adequate to truly delineate the splendid magnificence of this the final resting-place of France's beloved dead. As you enter the door you are first attracted to the beautifully painted ceilings, which are visible between the eight arches which lightly support the dome. Before you, at some little distance, and directly beneath the dome, is a circular wall of granite, surmounted by a plain stone coping. It is about three feet high, and over this are seen people with uncovered heads, leaning and looking into the crypt below. Join the throng, and behold, with them, the tomb of the dead Emperor. It is an immense monolith of porphyry, weighing sixty-seven and one-half tons. The sarcophagus is a single block, twelve feet long and six feet broad, and rests upon a base of green granite. On the balustrade surrounding the tomb are the names of Napoleon's principal victories, represented by twelve colossal statues by Pradier. The pavement of the crypt is beautifully decorated with a crown of laurel in mosaic. Beside the high altar, which is a marvel of gilded decoration, and whose canopy is supported by four pieces of green granite, cut in a serpentine form, descends, on either hand, a broad, winding staircase leading to the crypt. Over the massive, bronze gates, which are opened only to admit kings and princes, is this inscription: "I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I have ever loved." Said our guide to us, "The last man that entered those doors was the

Shah of Persia, and when he gazed upon the tomb he wept ; cried like a baby." The whole cost of the tomb was some two millions of dollars.

The Palace of Industry, owned by the government, is upon the Champs-Elysées, and is open for agricultural exhibitions, and the show of works of artists now living. It is seven hundred feet long by one hundred and seventy wide, and is covered with a roof of glass. A gallery encompasses its interior, where is now on exhibition a fine collection of photographs. The articles on exhibition at the time of our visit were flowers, and surely it was a floral paradise. Paris is famed for the beauty and variety of her flowers, and here they were in rich and elegant profusion, a sight to feast the eyes of the lovers of the beautiful in the floral kingdom.

Beyond the Place de l' Etoile, and the Avenue de l' Imperatrice, is the Bois de Boulogne, the most splendid park in the world. It is some four miles long by two wide, and contains two artificial lakes, around which wind carriage roads, upon which are seen, from four p. m., the finest equipages of the capital. Not alone the nobility ; the shiny hat and raw-boned plug of the public cabman has equal right with the high-stepping bucephalus of the wealthy aristocrat, who here commingle upon common soil. Within the wood, at its western extremity, is "The Grotto," a favorite resort for strangers. It is a craggy, artificial mound, forty feet high and one hundred and eighty wide. Through the body of the mound issues a volume of water which falls into a basin bordered with stone ; an intricate passage leads to the top, where is located the lake from which the stream is fed. In appearance it seems the work of nature ; in fact it is the work of man. Nature furnished the lake and the forest ; man has accomplished the rest. Two short hours were all we could give to this beautiful spot; it deserved more from us, but this was all we could bestow.

In the neighborhood of Paris are many delightful excursions. That to Versailles is of interest. By express train in thirty minutes from the city, and you are landed in an ancient looking town, whose inhabitants seem as ancient as the town itself. They seem to have slept when Louis XIV died, and have not since come to life. The park is a beautiful spot, though it has been much neglected since the time of the First Napoleon. It was originally a swamp; but, at the expense of a vast sum of money, and a large number of lives, it was brought to that state of magnificence that commanded the admiration of the world. At the extremity of the park is the Palace of the Grand Trianon, built for Madame Maintenon, the favorite mistress of Louis XIV. Its saloons and apartments are splendidly decorated, and adorned with paintings and statues. The chief attraction, however, is the Grand Palace, with its splendid saloons, richly and magnificently decorated; its beautiful paintings and works of art; its grounds, gardens, and fountains. No wonder the amount necessary to establish and keep up such a court impoverished the country, and brought about the Revolution of 1789. *Two hundred million dollars* was what it cost,—palace, gardens, park, and all. The system of fountains is beautiful. They play only on state occasions, as the expense necessary to the purpose is two thousand dollars each occasion,—the water being forced from the Seine for the purpose. It takes a day to "do" Versailles, and it is acknowledged to be the greatest attraction outside the city.

There is also St. Cloud, with its palace; Sevres, with its famous manufactory of porcelain, and other places worthy the notice of the sight seer, but we did not visit them all. Upon an elevation in the eastern part of the city is the famous Cemetery of the "Pere la Chaise," named from the Confessor of Louis XIV, who once lived upon the spot. Appropriately it might be called the *Ville du Morte*. It is

laid out in streets, having pavements, with rows of trees on either hand. Back from the curb a few feet are the tombs, situated near together, and rising up from the ground to a height of six feet and upwards, built of stone, in various styles of architecture, chiefly, however, Gothic. They all have doors in front, which may be opened, and the offerings of friends placed inside. They are so compact as to resemble houses upon a street, usually being built in line, one beside another. A pit is dug sufficiently deep to contain five bodies, one below the other, with space for stone and cement between each one, and then the tomb is erected above the ground, over all. The first of a family dying is placed at the bottom, the last at the top. If more than five are to occupy the same spot, the pit is lengthened or widened to accommodate them. Among the noted tombs pointed out to strangers is that of Abelard and Heloise. An offering had just been placed upon it by some friend of the unfortunates.

Of the amusements of Paris little can be specially said. The gayety of the people is proverbial, and the sources of amusement are infinite. From four p. m. to two a. m., the business of the French people is amusement, and there is no lack to gratify the taste of any. In this line, a visit to the "Siege of Paris" satisfied us. A representation of the city during its siege, so natural and life-like as to be truly wonderful. We have paid a visit to the studio of T. H. Bartlett, the sculptor, formerly of Waterbury. He is engaged on several pieces: one a colossal statue of David Wells, Esq., of Hartford, another a small figure for Hon. S. W. Kellogg of our own city, besides others of greater or less pretensions. He is hard at work and means business.

The Paris shop-keepers are complaining of dull business; they say Americans, on whom they depend for the balance of trade, are not buying as usual, and business is depressed

in consequence. There are a number of New York buyers at our hotel, but in the majority of cases they have bought light, and are preparing to return to the States. The Messrs. White left last night for Geneva, and we leave on the morrow for Brussels and Cologne.

L E T T E R V.

Paris to Brussels—Route thither—Industries of Belgium—Brussels—Impressions of the City—The Lace Factories—Sunday in Brussels—Waterloo.

WE left Paris, Saturday, by early train for Brussels, distance, one hundred and ninety-three miles. The country is, for some distance, flat and uninteresting, though all under cultivation. The peasants are just beginning to cut the first crop of hay, which, though plenty, seems rather coarse in quality. The fields are red with poppies, which grow and blossom amid the grass and low grain in great profusion. There are no fences; hedges and ditches seeming to be the only marks of division that exist upon the soil. On either side of the roads, which are excellent, are tall poplars trained in line, one with another, presenting a singular appearance. Every avenue of approach to the railway, from the town crossing to the country cow-path, is guarded by a gate, usually attended by a woman wearing a tall shiny hat, and bearing a flag in her hand, which she waves as the train passes in token that all is "O. K." As we near Belgium, the country is more hilly, and we pass by and through forests, reminding us a little of our own New England.

There is not much upon the route specially attractive to the traveler. Sixty-seven miles from Paris is Noyon, where there is a fine cathedral originally erected by Charlemagne. It is seen from the train. The town is the birthplace of John Calvin, and the place of the coronation of Charlemagne. One hundred and forty-three miles from Paris, is Feignies, where is the station of the French custom house,

and three miles further is Quevy, where all baggage is taken from the train, examined, and loaded up again before going on, a process usually occupying some twenty minutes. We are now in Belgium, and hence to Brussels is forty-seven miles.

Located along the line of the railway are many iron foundries, and we soon are familiar with the tall chimneys which mark their position on the road. Railroad iron, fire arms, and various kinds of hardware, are manufactured in abundance. At half past two, tired, hungry, and dirty from our day's ride, we are set down at the "Chemin de Fer du Midi" or "Southern Depot" of the Belgian capital.

Belgium is among the smaller of the European countries, being only some one hundred and seventy-five miles long by one hundred and twenty-seven miles broad, or in area about eleven thousand three hundred square miles. Productive industry has long characterized the Belgians, the principal productions of which are laces, cloths, carpets, paper, military arms, and cutlery. The annual product of iron founded exceeds one hundred and fifty thousand tons, while the cotton manufacture is represented by a total capital exceeding three million pounds sterling. We entered Brussels, in the lower town, and our first impressions were unfavorable. Cabs, old and rickety, and horses to correspond; streets narrow, crooked, and dirty. Could this be, as we had been told it was, "Paris in miniature?" But when we reached the "Place Royale" and ensconced ourselves in comfortable apartments in the Hotel Bellevue, our feelings underwent an agreeable change, and when we came to go about the city, we were forced to admit it was pleasing and attractive. In the "Place Royale" upon which faces our hotel in common with others, stands a splendid equestrian statue in bronze, of Godfrey of Bouillon, who, on July 15, 1099, led the party which successfully

ica? Near by is the battlefield of Waterloo, but the fact that fresh-made bullets and Waterbury brass buttons are palmed off on the relic-hunting traveler by the unscrupulous guides and shop-keepers, took the romance out of it, and we did not visit it. It requires a day to go out and back from Brussels. Belgium is styled the cock-pit of Europe, on account of its being the ground on which the surrounding natives have so often settled their quarrels. We drove out on the Boulevards, beautiful wide streets shaded with fine elms, which completely encircle the city, and upon which are the mansions of the wealthy classes of people. They afford pleasant drives, and in fine weather are fully occupied.

We leave Brussels with agreeable recollections, and go hence to Aix la Chapelle, Cologne, and the Rhine.

LETTER VI.

Brussels to Cologne — Towns en route, Liege, Ans, and Aix la Chapelle — Cologne, the City of “five thousand four hundred and sixty different smells — The Cathedral — Church of St. Ursula — Relics and Legends — Bonn — The Kreuzberg Kirche — The Rhine and its Scenery — Coblenz, Bingen, and Mayence — Arrival in Frankfort.

THERE is but little to interest the tourist on the first part of the journey from Brussels to Cologne. The country is slightly rolling, and is all under cultivation. The population is sparse, and must be greatly insufficient to consume the entire crop raised on the soil, leaving no inconsiderable amount for exportation. Upon reaching Ans, seventy-one miles from Brussels, the character of the country undergoes a decided change. We have reached the Meuse Valley, wherein is Liege, called from the extent of its manufactures, the Birmingham of Belgium. Here is an inclined plane, some two and one-half miles in length, down which our train descends, a distance of five hundred feet, to the level of the Meuse river below. Those who have read Scott's Quentin Durward, where he graphically describes the town and palace of Liege, would not fail to recognize the place from said description. Leaving Liege, the road passes through the romantic valley of the Vesdre, sixteen miles to Verviers, where we cross the frontier into Prussia. And this is the most beautiful part of the journey. It reminded us strongly of our own beautiful Naugatuck Valley at home.

Iron is mined, and manufacturing carried on to considerable extent in the towns along this part of the line. In this distance of sixteen miles, there are nineteen tunnels and

seventeen bridges traversed by the railway, making an agreeable contrast to the level of the country previously passed over on the route. A few miles, and we reach Aix la Chapelle, one hundred and five miles from Brussels, and forty-five miles from Cologne. Our baggage was registered at Brussels, therefore it was not examined as we passed the frontier. We are now in a country rich in associations of the Emperor Charlemagne. The cathedral, visible from the train, was begun under his administration, in 796, and is one of the most important in Germany. Its crypt contains his remains. We pass the ruins of several ancient castles, and at nine p. m. enter the station at Cologne.

Cologne has been so often described by the many tourists who have visited it, that to describe it here in detail would be superfluous. It is a railway center, and the point from whence tourists usually embark for the journey up the Rhine. It has but two or three objects of interest,—the chief, the great Cathedral, second only to that of Milan, in the world, and again the churches of St. Ursula, and of St. Jerome. But for these, the traveler would shun Cologne as he would a pestilence, for surely it is the most filthy city in Europe. One of our party remarked, "It had five thousand four hundred and sixty different smells," and his remark was not far from true. With facilities for drainage, which are excellent, the sewers are neglected entirely, and the consequences may be imagined. But a few hours may be spent to advantage, and first the great Cathedral. Standing upon the opposite side of the place on which it faces, one can get a good idea of its massive proportion, and the wonderful detail of its architecture. It was begun in 1248, and is yet unfinished. Work is constantly maintained upon it by over three hundred workmen with the expectation of completing it in five years from date. Some portions are already crumbling, and the present probability is it will never

reach perfection. It is covered with figures and carvings. Height (proposed) of tower and length on the ground the same — four hundred and sixty-six feet. From the intersection of the nave and transept rises a pinnacle three hundred and fifty feet from the ground. Inside, the height of the ceiling from the floor, is one hundred and forty-three feet. The stained glass windows are beautiful; the finest we have yet seen in Europe. The sacristy contains many interesting relics, some of which are of great value. Six millions of dollars is the reputed worth of its treasure. We were here shown two links of the chain with which St. Peter was bound; also a staff whose head was said to have been the head of Peter's cane. "The cane is not old," said the priest who showed it to us, "but the head is truly as stated." It was round, of ivory or bone, and much darkened by age. Here, too, were the skulls of the three wise men of the East — Gaspar, Melchion, and Balthazzar, who, having nearly nineteen centuries ago foretold the coming of the Saviour, are now contained within a little shrine and shown alike to Gentile and Jew, for a dollar and a half per head, on week days, and on Sundays and fete days, gratis.

There is existent among the old traditions, one of St. Ursula; it is this: She was the daughter of the King of Brittany, who sailed up the Rhine as far as Basle, and then, accompanied by a retinue of eleven thousand virgins, made a pilgrimage on foot to Rome, where she was received by the Pope with great honor. Upon their return the whole party were barbarously murdered by the Huns, because they refused to break their vows of chastity. St. Ursula was at that time accompanied by her lover Conan, and an escort of Knights. St. Ursula and Conan suffered death in the camp of the Emperor Maximia. As a consequence, St. Ursula was placed in the calendar as the patron saint of chastity, a church was erected, and the bones of herself and the

said eleven thousand virgins were gathered up and enshrined inside. Enter the door of the church and it seems almost as if you were in the catacombs. On every side skulls and arm and leg bones meet the eye, piled on shelves built in the wall. In the sides of the walls above the arches, ranged all around the church, are the skulls, each visible through a little square of glass placed before it, while the bones are put up in receptacles made for the purpose, which upon every hand stare you in the face. St. Ursula is herself shown in a coffin surrounded by the skulls of a few of her favorite attendants. In the room where these are contained are also quantities of bones ranged upon the wall in all sorts of strange designs, and filled into the sides of the walls by the cartload or ton. One of us can give evidence that they were *dry*, for putting his hand through the open crevices, he rattled them around and the sound they gave out attested plainly the fact stated. Around the church are pictures representing the tradition before related. In the sacristy are some relics which are of extraordinary interest; two thorns from the crown of Christ, preserved in a glass vial; and one of the waterpots which contained the water so miraculously turned to wine by our Saviour at the marriage at Cana of Galilee; a vase of alabaster, dark and soiled, its neck broken, and having other marks of age. The pieces from the broken neck are at Notre Dame at Paris. It may be our credulity was imposed upon, but when we came away, it was with the belief that we had seen the sacred reliques themselves, *but it cost us one dollar and a half each.*

We left Cologne at one p. m., per steamer, for Bonn. This is one of the most interesting of the cities which are situated upon the Rhine. It is famous for its University, whose reputation extends throughout the continent. The city is upon the left bank of the Rhine, is located on rising ground, and has many beautiful residences. It presents a fine ap-

pearance as seen from the river. Here Beethoven was born, the house in which the event took place being pointed out to us; also a beautiful statue of the great musician, erected by the citizens to his memory. Upon a high hill, overlooking the city, is the Kreuzberg Kirche. It contains a copy of the "Scala Santa," or holy stairs at Rome, which led to Pilate's judgment seat, and bears the stains of the blood which fell from the Saviour's head when wounded by the crown of thorns. In the Kreuzberg copy the blood stains are represented by brass plates set into the stone stairs. In the vault, underneath the floor, are the bodies of twenty-five monks who lived in the convent formerly occupying the site of the church. They lie in an undecayed state in twenty-five coffins, and for two shillings the priest will lift the slab that covers them, and expose to view their shriveled skins and ghastly forms. It was dusk when we visited the place, *and we kept our shillings in our pockets.* There are some beautiful frescoes in this church, as fine or finer than any we have yet seen.

Hence to Frankfort our journey lay amid the splendid scenery that on either hand for one hundred miles begirts the beautiful river Rhine. Upon its waters, between Cologne and Mayence, ply a line of American boats, and we were quite at home upon the Wilhelm von Kaiser, on which our passage was made. It is a little difficult to give a correct idea of the Rhine scenery without resort to pictorial embellishment, and even that would hardly serve the purpose completely. From our own reading, and the descriptions of others, we had formed our own idea of it, and were not prepared for the pleasing disappointment we experienced. Those familiar with the river from Detroit to Amherstburgh, will get a good idea of the Rhine from Bonn; for, for the first few miles, the resemblance is noticeable. At Konigswinter, seven miles above Bonn, commences the

beautiful scenery, which continues, almost uninterruptedly, the balance of the journey. At times you are upon the Hudson, with the mountains on either hand; again upon the waters of Lake Champlain, following along the ranges of the Adirondacks; and again upon the beautiful waters of the St. Lawrence, as you enter the region of the Thousand Isles, or near the rapids above Montreal,—always with this addition: you must crown the mountain summits with ruined castles, and here and there locate an old cathedral among the hills, and then stud the mountain and hill-sides with vineyards. Let these pass in continued variation before you, for a distance of a hundred miles, and the resemblance is complete. From Cologne to Linz you are on the Hudson below Newburg, the Castle of the Drachenfels looking down on you from the summit of Anthony's Nose. Above Coblenz, and the hills of our own Naugatuck or Housatonic valleys flank you on either hand, with the ruins of these splendid castles crowning their summits, or looking down on you from their sides. Of these the Stolzenfels, Ehrenbritstein, Rheinfels, Rheinstein, and Gutenfels, are the most remarkable. Above Bingen the river widens, and is dotted with islands, and hence to Bierbrich and Mayence is the resemblance to the St. Lawrence, before mentioned. The Rhine castles are haunted with legends and traditions, one for each. We were told them as we passed, and many of them are of interest. At St. Goar is the magnificent ruin of Castle Rheinfels, built upon the hillside, four hundred feet above the river. The Count of Katzenelnbogen was the man who built it, in the twelfth century, to enforce tribute on the passage of vessels on the river. Ten years after, the confederation of free Rheinish towns, enraged at the exactions of the Count, marched an army against the castle, and besieged it for fourteen months, and, although at the end of that time they had to retire, the example they set

led, eventually, to a general crusade against all the robber castles on the Rhine, so that by about the end of the fifteenth century every castle but one, from Cologne to Mayence, was taken and destroyed,—this is the Marksburg at Braubach, and is located five hundred and eleven feet above the river; it is now almost entire. It was evening when we reached Mayence. A thousand lights were reflected to us from the river as we approached the city, presenting to us the same beautiful appearance that so attracted us as we approached Port Huron and Sarnia, last Summer, on our trip to Lake Superior. From Mayence to Frankfort, twenty miles, the journey is by rail, and eleven p. m. is the hour at which the city is reached. Quartered at "Hotel de Bruxells," we rest a day before going on to Dresden.

L E T T E R V I I.

Frankfort—Its Parks, Monuments, and Interesting Localities—Journey to Dresden—Towns en route—Dresden—The Art Gallery—Green Vaults—Japanese Palace—Description of the Treasure—Meeting Old Acquaintances.

Frankfort is a pleasant city, with a population of some eighty thousand souls. It is on the river Main, twenty-one miles above its junction with the Rhine at Mayence, and is a point from which railroads diverge to all parts of Germany. As a place of interest to the tourist its attractions are few, though it is never passed by without a visit to some of them. Common to most of the continental cities are the public parks and gardens; those at Frankfort are chiefly in the more populous portions of the city, and while not large, are tastefully laid out, and form pleasant promenades for the people.

The places of interest are more of a personal than of a general character. In a narrow street, at the entrance to which stands one of the old gates of the city, is the house where the poet Goethe was born. It is a plain building and over the door is a marble slab on which is inscribed "In this house was born Johann Wolfgang Goethe on the 28th of August, 1749." At the corner of the Kannengieser Gasse is a curious old house, with a window on the corner overhanging the walk. It is called "das Lutherhaus," for here it was the great Reformer staid when on his way to Worms. An ancient medallion of him is on the corner, and underneath the inscription, "*In silentio et spe erit fortudo vestra.*"

Of the monuments in Frankfort, those to Goethe, Schiller, Gutenberg, Faust, and Schoeffer (a triple monument), and that erected upon the spot where the Hessians fell when Frankfort was stormed by the French in 1792, are the most noted ; they are all in bronze, and are, as works of art alone, very beautiful. We visited the "Bethmannische" or Ariadne Museum, where is on exhibition Dannecker's famous statue "Ariadne on the Panther." In a square recess, concealed by heavy curtains, is placed the statue. Across the skylight overhead is stretched a pink curtain, through which the light falls, giving it, as it is slowly revolved upon its pivot by the attendant, a wonderfully beautiful and life-like appearance.

Next is the Jews' quarter, where, in old and quaint looking houses, the Jews of the city live and carry on their trade. At No. 148 is the original house of the Rothschilds, the famous bankers. The widow of Meyer Rothschild, the founder of the bank, lived in it till her death. In common with the others, it is gabled and slated all over. The public buildings are few, and possess little special interest.

We left Frankfort for Dresden, via Wiemar and Leipzig, distance three hundred and eighty miles; time by fast express eleven hours. Wiemar, Leipzig, Erfut, and Eisenach are the principal places en route. Wiemar has been the residence of some of the most distinguished literary men of Germany, drawn thither by the enlightened patronage of the Grand Duke Bernard, one of the Protestant leaders in the "Thirty years war." Among the names thus connected with it, are Schiller, Goethe, Herder, and Weiland. Here is the house in which Goethe lived and died, and it remains just as he left it in 1832. In the churchyard just outside the town reposes his body, as also that of Schiller.

At Eisenach, in the midst of the famous Thuringian forest,

and visible from the railway, is the noted castle of Wartburg, where Luther was so long confined after his bold proclamation of the Protestant religion at the Diet of Worms. Here is the scene of his conflict with Satan, the story of which runs thus : While in the castle the Evil One appeared to him, gnashing his teeth and threatening him with vengeance ; therefore Luther, who had defeated his foes with pen and ink, thought he would try the ink alone on the devil, and seizing the inkstand he hurled it with all his power at the head of his Satanic majesty, hitting him in imagination, and the wall in fact, making a greater impression thereon than Satan did on him. The hole made in the wall by the inkstand is shown to the visitor. We halted at Leipzig long enough only to cross the city, and reaching Dresden found acceptable quarters at the Victoria Hotel.

Dresden is a very beautiful city of about one hundred and fifty to sixty thousand inhabitants. It is the capital of the Kingdom of Saxony, and is noted as being one of the chief centers of art and refinement in continental Europe. It is delightfully situated on both banks of the Elbe, and connected together by several fine bridges, the largest of which, of stone, was built with the proceeds of the sale of dispensations from the Pope for eating eggs and butter during Lent. Europe has few cities that can compete with Dresden in works of art, and none in the value of its immense collection of precious stones, curiosities, and objects of vertu. Here are made the celebrated Dresden porcelains ; pictures painted upon porcelain, in size from that adapted to brooches, lockets, and sleeve buttons, to that for framing and hanging upon the wall. They are mostly copies from the paintings in the Royal Gallery and are exquisitely finished. Travelers seldom leave Dresden without some of these mementoes, either for personal use, or presents for their friends. A picture ten or twelve inches square costs

from eighty to one hundred dollars ; smaller ones, to be worn as jewelry, can be purchased for six to twenty dollars per set. Imitations are plenty, but in artistic merit nothing can equal those made at Dresden.

A valet d' place is indispensable to fully see the objects of interest. First and foremost is the Royal Gallery of paintings, which contains the choicest works of the first masters. The various schools are represented, from the Byzantine to the German, including the Florentine, Roman, Venetian, Neapolitan, etc. The number of paintings in the Gallery is two thousand three hundred and sixty, and, as you wander through its halls, pictures by Raphæl, Guido, Rembrandt, Rubens, Murillo, Michael Angelo, and a host of famous names look down upon you from the walls. You here behold the originals of those celebrated pictures which have been so extensively copied and spread over the world. Occupying a room by itself, hung with rich crimson curtains, raised upon a platform, and encompassed with a heavy gilt moulding, is the celebrated Madonna di San Sisto, by Raphael. The picture is about eight by ten feet, and beheld from a distance of eight or ten feet, in the proper light, the effect is beautiful. The mother upon her throne of clouds, seems coming toward you, and if the gaze is continued the child seems to *start out* from the canvas, as if it were actually endowed with life and motion. This alone was almost worth the journey to Dresden to see. The Dresden gallery is one of the three chief galleries of the world ; the other two are at Berlin and Munich.

In the Schloss, or Royal Palace, are the green vaults, consisting of eight rooms, containing jewels, curiosities, and treasure, to the amount of over sixty millions of dollars. The royal jewels in the jewel room are worth over fifteen millions alone. The origin of this immense wealth, lying here idle, is thus explained : The richest monarchs of Eu-

rope were formerly the Saxon princes, who, previous to the discovery of America, derived most of their wealth from the Friburg silver mines, then the richest on the continent. Much of the proceeds was spent by them for jewels and works of art, which have accumulated until the present time, when the treasury can be compared only with that of Vienna. It is impossible to give an idea of the richness and of the treasure in these vaults. The first room contains bronzes ; the second, ivories ; the third, porcelain and earthenware ; the fourth, silver and gold plate and jewelry ; the fifth, miscellaneous articles,—being called “the great hall of precious things ;” the sixth, called “the corner closet,” rare and curious things, ornamented with jewels and precious stones ; the seventh, “the wood and armor rooms,” various kinds of armor, and of wood carved and cut in all kinds of curious and wonderful devices ; and eighth, “the jewel room,” containing, as before stated, jewels to the value of fifteen millions of dollars. A description of the jewels contained in two small compartments, or show-cases, in the latter room, will give a little idea of the immense value here displayed. I copy it from the catalogue. “The first glass case contains the crown jewels of the first class ; and we find, first, a garniture of rose diamonds, composed of thirty waistcoat buttons, and thirty coat buttons, four shoe and knee buckles, a clasp with a rose diamond weighing ninety-seven and a half grains ; an epaulet, with a diamond weighing sixty-six and one-half grains ; and a sword, the hilt of which contains seven hundred and eighty rosettes. The seven orders of the golden fleece, belonging to this set, are adorned with very fine precious stones of the second class, viz., onyxes, opals, cat’s-eyes (a new name to us), Brazilian and Oriental topazes, hyacinths of Ceylon, and Bohemian garnets. Among the latter is the largest in Europe, weighing forty-six and three-quarter carats.

The second compartment contains the garniture of white diamonds composed of sixty waist coat and coat buttons; an epaulet with the two largest diamonds of the whole collection weighing one hundred and ninety-four and one-half and one hundred and fifty-four and a quarter grains; the star of the order of the White Polish Eagle with a diamond of seventy-eight and three-quarter grains; a sword, the hilt of which consists of eighteen hundred and ninety-eight single stones; many buckles; a clasp containing "the lion of the Green Vaults," the unique diamond weighing one hundred and sixty grains; two other egrets, one of which is composed of pink diamonds and four splendid yellow diamonds weighing from fifty and one-half to one hundred and seventeen and one-half grains. All these buttons, epaulets, clasp for the hat and the heron feathers, swords, and neck buttons, were requisite for court dress, and worn by his Majesty, King of Poland and Saxony, on state occasions. In this one case there are eight compartments and I have given only the contents of two. From this some idea may be formed of the richness and splendor of the whole.

Next came the Japanese Palace, with its rich and interesting collection of antique and modern china and earthenware, some of which dates from the third century. Various kinds and styles of decoration are shown, some of which, dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, are much finer, especially the green, blue, crimson, and gold, than can be produced now. A beautiful head and bust of a female in biscuit china elicited our admiration. A veil of the finest lace, in beautiful pattern, was wound around the head and hung in graceful folds about the shoulders. The pattern, consisting of leaves and flowers, was as fine and beautiful as any we had seen at the factories in Brussels, the mesh and embroidery were perfect; *it was all china*. America is represented by two small flower vases set upon the top shelf

in one corner of a compartment; they are from Philadelphia. The whole collection is valued at eight millions of dollars.

There are many American residents in Dresden, and their street is one of the finest in the city. It is near the King's garden, and also one of the fine public parks. The number of Americans one meets abroad is a little surprising. So far in every city we have visited we have met friends and acquaintances. It gave us pleasure to meet again Mr. D. A. Grant and family of New York, *compagnons de voyage* on the Celtic, whom we last saw at Hotel de Athenee, at Paris, and who leave to-night for Vienna. Dr. Townsend, of New Haven, is also at Hotel Victoria.

L E T T E R V I I I.

Berlin—First Impressions—Its Chief Attractions—Art, as Defined on the Continent—the Berlin Gallery—Imperial Palace—Soldiers' Monument—Potsdam—Industries of Berlin—Departure for St. Petersburg.

LEAVING Dresden, a ride of one hundred and sixteen miles, over one of the best built railways in Europe, brings us, in six hours time, to Berlin, the capital of Prussia, and one of the finest cities on the continent. It is over twelve miles in circumference, and has a population of over seven hundred thousand souls. It strikes us as more American than any city we have yet visited. The streets are spacious and straight, with broad walks on each side for foot passengers, reminding us strongly of Philadelphia. Some traveler, in speaking of Berlin, says, "It has the air of a metropolis of a kingdom of yesterday. No Gothic churches, narrow streets, fantastic gable ends, no historical stone and lime, no remnants of the picturesque age to recall the olden time. Voltaire, in satin breeches and powdered periuke; Frederick the Great, in jack boots and pig-tail, and the French classic age of Louis XIV, are the men and times Berlin calls up to the traveler. It is a city of pillars, statues, and palaces." Walk the streets, and one beholds vast fronts of buildings, ornaments, and inscriptions; a profusion of gilding, guard houses, and sentry boxes. Sentries presenting arms every moment; officers with feathers and orders, passing unceasingly (Berlin is garrisoned by twenty thousand soldiers); cabs and coaches rattling over the pavements, and numbers of well-dressed people promenading the streets.

We are at the Hotel de Rome, upon the "Unter den Linden," the chief street or boulevard of the city. It is planted with horse-chestnuts, linden, plantain, acacia, and aspen trees, and is considered one of the finest streets in Europe. It is lined with palaces and public buildings, and is the street upon which the fashionable and wealthy display themselves and their fine equipages. The Brandenburg gate, or principal entrance to the city, is at one end of this avenue. It was erected in 1789, and is surmounted by a magnificent triumphal arch, in imitation of the Propylæum at Athens. The car of victory on the top was taken to Paris by Napoleon, as a trophy, but was returned after the battle of Waterloo. One of the most magnificent monuments in Europe is the colossal equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, by Rauch, which stands in front of the king's palace on the "Unter den Linden." Covering the sides of a pedestal of granite, twenty-five feet high, are life-size bronze groups of all the leading generals and statesmen during the "seven years' war," amounting in all to thirty-one persons. The equestrian statue on the top of the pedestal is seventeen feet high, and most perfect in all its proportions. A mantle hangs from the monarch's shoulder, his stick depends from his wrist: all is natural and true to life. Upon the four corners of a long bridge of stone which crosses the Spree (*Berlin is always on the Spree*), are four statues conspicuous to American eyes, more for the violation of decency in their execution and exposition than for any artistic merit they were intended to display. But art is so differently defined here from what it is with us, we are obliged to overlook what appear to be glaring inconsistencies, and accept its expression as received by the people here, and not as it seems to us at home. This inconsistency is apparent in the artists' works all over the continent. The American idea of delicate refinement is completely ignored;

the human form is presented, both on canvas and in marble, without veil or covering, and is viewed by man, woman, and child, with no sense of indecency or blush of shame. Indeed it is one of the concomitants which go to make up the European idea of a high state of culture and civilization. In the museum is the famous gallery of paintings known to us as the Berlin gallery, and, as before mentioned, one of the three famous galleries in the world. It is divided into forty different departments, containing pictures from the Italian to the German schools; but unless one prefers to study art as represented by this kind of picture, there is not as much to attract as in the gallery at Dresden. More attractive to the popular eye are the pictures in the National gallery, executed, many of them, by artists now living. Here is the celebrated "Martyrdom of Huss," which in the days of the old New York Dusseldorf gallery adorned its walls. It was purchased by the Berlin gallery for twenty-two thousand dollars, and will probably henceforth remain in its possession. Here are also a beautiful series of pictures by Verbeckoven, considered among the finest in the collection. Berlin is noted as being the headquarters of art and literature. A writer on the subject, speaking of the difference between the civilization of the fine arts and that of the useful in their influence on social well being, remarks, "that Berlin, full as populous as Glasgow or Manchester, has an Italian opera, two or three theatres, two picture galleries, a statue gallery, and museums of all kinds; a musical academy, schools of all descriptions, a university with one hundred and forty-two professors, the most distinguished men of science who can be collected in Germany, and is undoubtedly the central point of taste in the fine arts, and of minds of intelligence in literature for a vast proportion of the enlightened and refined of the European population."

We visited the Royal Palace, an immense building, con-

taining apartments more splendid and gorgeously decorated than any yet seen in Europe. Beautiful carvings, ornaments, and utensils wrought of solid gold and silver; mirrors whose frames were massive silver; walls and ceilings whose adornments and decorations were of solid gold; beautiful frescoes and paintings representing battle scenes and historic incidents connected with the victories of the Prussian arms; chandeliers of the purest rock crystal, one of which weighs over two thousand pounds; floors whose polished surfaces are never tainted by the foot of man (felt slippers being provided for every visitor who passes through the apartments). Words fail to describe the splendor and magnificence which meets the eye on every hand. The Palace is the place of entertainment of the Emperor's guests. He resides in a smaller one himself. It is on the "Unter den Linden" and we were favored in gaining admission thereto; it is not so large, though fully appropriate in all its appointments.

In the Park, a short distance from the Brandenburg gate, stands the Soldiers' Monument, lately erected in commemoration of the Prussian victories. It is yet unfinished, but when completed will be the finest military monument in the world. In the midst of the square *platz* or open space stands a granite platform some one hundred and thirty feet square and ascended by eight steps; from this rises the base of the monument, of polished porphyry, containing panels on the sides, in which are inserted, in bas relief, representations of notable incidents connected with the war. From this base springs a circular temple with a roof supported by twenty-four columns, in the centre of which, covered with sculptured figures, is the foundation pillar of the monument. Upon this stands the monument itself, a huge granite column, surmounted by a beautiful statue of Victory cast from the cannon taken in the various battles, and gilded.

The hight of this statue is thirty-five feet. The column is fluted, and is surrounded with three rows of cannon fastened perpendicularly and located equi-distant from each other, the cannon being taken the first row from the Danes, the second from the Austrians, and the third from the French. Like the statue they are gilded, and seen in contrast with the grey granite of the column the effect is splendid. The total hight of the column is one hundred and seventy-five feet.

There are many pleasant excursions to be taken from Berlin, that to Pottsdam being that chiefly chosen by travelers. Here are five royal residences, including the famous "Sans Souci" of history. They are all noted for their sumptuousness and the elegance of their decoration. In the town lie the remains of Frederick the Great, enclosed in a plain sarcophagus, which is elevated above the ground. His sword formerly lay upon the top of the coffin, but was carried off by Napoleon. In the Royal Palace in Berlin is a splendid picture of "Napoleon Crossing the Alps." It was brought from France by Blucher. Said Blucher when he seized upon it, "Napoleon has carried off many things from us, we will now carry off *himself*."

Manufacturing is carried on in Berlin to a considerable extent. Cloths, linen, carpets, silks, ribbons, printed cottons, jewelry, paper, porcelain, and musical instruments are the principal productions. There is, in fact, nothing demanded by the requirements of science, literature, or the arts, but what can be obtained in Berlin, and that in the highest state of perfection. Its opera house is one of the finest in Europe, and is universally patronized by listeners "whose judicious applause is at once illustrative of their taste for, and appreciation of, good music."

LETTER IX.

*From Berlin to St. Petersburg — Manner of Guarding the Railway —
Sunset in the Baltic — Konigsberg — Arrival at the Russian Frontier — Wilna — The Route to St. Petersburg — Light at Evening.*

WE left Berlin by express train for St. Petersburg, going via Konigsberg and Wilna. The time is forty hours; distance one thousand and twenty-six miles. The journey was long and tiresome, but was accomplished in the time stated, and at twelve a. m. on Thursday we reached the Russian capital. The country for the first fifty miles, as far as Custrin, is rolling, and, in common with the rest of Germany, is all under cultivation. For the next hundred miles, to Schneidmuhl, it is sandy and the crops look sparse and poor. A noticeable feature of German peasant life is the fact that all the women work out doors, taking their part with the men in the cultivation of the soil. In one field we counted over fifty, all in a line like a battalion of troops, and working under orders of a man, who was apparently the overseer.

From Schneidmuhl to Dirschan a new line has been recently built, making a saving in time and distance over the old line which goes via Bromberg. It passes through a dreary tract of country, desolate, and, save by the employes of the railroad company who guard the line, entirely uninhabited. The system of guarding the railway as pursued thus far on our journey is admirable. At intervals of a mile or two is built a comfortable brick house where resides an employe whose duty it is to appear as the train passes and make his signal to the engineer that all is well. In full uni-

form, like soldiers, they are seen every man at his post, from starting point to terminus, causing in the traveler a feeling of safety he would not otherwise possess. In France and Russia this service is performed by women.

Another hundred miles, through alternate stretches of pine forests and sandy plains, and we arrive at Konigsberg, a Prussian port of entry on the Baltic sea. Some miles below Konigsberg the railway emerges from the forest and passes along the sea shore similar to the passage of the Shore Line railway along the shore of Long Island sound. As we left the forest the sun was setting behind a range of hills that lay on our left, between us and the sea. The body of the sun had disappeared, but, like a cast-off robe of royalty, the bank of clouds on which but a moment before he was enthroned, glittered and gleamed, reflecting to our eyes the brightness of a hundred dyes. Suddenly and abruptly the hills disappeared, and before us lay the most glorious sight our eyes ever beheld. From the horizon half way to the zenith, floated clouds rich with red, orange, scarlet, crimson, and gold, shaded from the most delicate tints to the deepest and most brilliant hues. With a body of the richest scarlet, and completely flooding the atmosphere with the beautiful light, was the orb of day, surrounded by a corona or halo of brilliant crimson, which gleamed and quivered like an encircling belt of fire; below, calm, blue, beautiful, and still, lay the jasper sea, and between us, like an emerald belt, the grassy plain,—and all diffused with that beautiful coloring we have previously described. It could not occur again in a life time. For some two miles the railway ran thus parallel to the sea, and ere we passed its limit the sun had set.

"The brilliant hues had faded into grey,

And the sweet dream was done, the glory passed away."

We reached Konigsberg at 9 p. m. and took supper at

the buffet. There are good buffets all along the line, and trains pause sufficient time for refreshments. There is much taste displayed in the ornamentation of the grounds surrounding all the railway stations, no matter how small or obscure. Trees are planted, walks laid out bordered with shrubbery, and, at the larger stations, fountains set and playing, making, as the train halts along the line, a pleasant and beautiful appearance. Konigsberg is a beautiful city of over one hundred thousand inhabitants, and was once the capital of Prussia and the residence of the Electors of Brandenburg. In the observatory, located on an old bastion in the eastern part of the town, and possessing excellent instruments for observation, Bessel made those famous discoveries which have perpetuated his name among astronomers, ranking him with Bradley, La Verrier, and Tycho Brahe. Large quantities of amber are here obtained, washed up on the shore of the Baltic sea on which the city is situated. At Eydtkuhnhen, we cross the frontier and enter the dominion of the Czar. Our passports are examined and vised, our baggage opened and passed, and we are allowed to proceed unmolested. The first town of importance is Wilna. It is a city of some seventy thousand inhabitants, built in a valley, flanked on either side by ranges of hills. It has many handsome churches, whose spires and gilded domes flashed in the sun-light as we passed, realizing to us the fact that we were on Russian soil. Hence, to St. Petersburg, the country is one vast stretch of alternate forest and sandy plain. Inhabitants are few, and they chiefly the lower classes, or serfs that were, before serfdom was abolished by Alexander II, in 1861.

The evening twilight had not faded from the sky, when, at midnight, we entered the Russian capital, and were driven to our hotel. The Good Book, in describing the characteristics of the heavenly city, tells us "there shall be no night

there ;" but we were hardly prepared to realize this promise on earth, as we have done literally since our arrival at St. Petersburg. Since leaving Konigsberg we have seen no night. The evening twilight blends with that of morning, and no darkness intervenes. It is now the time of the longest days, and we are upon the sixtieth parallel of latitude, so high that the sun does not go far below the horizon in the west ere he appears above in the east. The effect is curious: the twilight deepens in the northwest to a certain point, and then follows the horizon around to the northeast, when the light increases until the full dawn of day. At twelve a. m., as we yesterday entered St. Petersburg, the people were promenading the streets, as with us at half-past eight. The great dome of St. Isaac's stood out in sharp outline against the sky, revealing its locality clearly, though some two miles away. We have realized the promise that "at evening time it shall be light."

LETTER X.

Russia—Area of Territory of the Empire—St. Petersburg—the Synagogue—Churches—Palaces—Museums—Art Galleries—Treasury—Minister Jewell—Requirements of Imperial Etiquette—Industries and Manufactures—Bazaars and Shops—Environs of the City—the Palaces and Grounds at Tsarskoe, Selo, and Peterhoff—Fountains at Peterhoff—Pulkova and its Observatory—An Hour Among the Stars—Cronstadt—Defences of St. Petersburg—Entertainment of the Americans in St. Petersburg, July 4th, by Minister Jewell—Parks and Gardens.

OCUPYING the extreme eastern portion of the Continent of Europe, and stretching to the Amoor river in Western Asia, is that immense tract of territory known as the Empire of Russia. Extending from the south point of the Caucasus to the north coast of Lapland, a distance of twenty-two hundred miles, and from the west border of Poland to the Amoor river on the east, a distance of nearly five thousand miles, its outer boundaries include an area of over nine million square miles. The larger portion of the empire, comprising Siberia and Central Asia (the Kirghe's, Steppes, and Turkestan), is thinly populated; that part west of the Ural Mountains possessing the greatest number of inhabitants,—the census of 1864 giving a population of over sixty-eight millions of souls. Situated on the river Neva, sixteen miles west of its confluence with the Gulf of Finland, is St. Petersburg, the capital of the empire. Founded in the midst of a morass or marsh in 1702, by Peter the Great, it numbers to-day over seven hundred thousand inhabitants, and compares most favorably with any of the European capitals. The inhabitants are descended from the ancient Slavonians, and possess many characteristics

peculiar to themselves. The first peculiarity noticed by the stranger, on visiting Russia and its capital, is the language. It is a strange admixture of vocal sounds differing from anything else spoken in Europe. It is Slavic in origin, presenting three dialects, of which the Great Russian, or Russia proper, is the chief. It is very copious and flexible, but its grammatical construction is peculiar and complex. The alphabet is made up of many of the old Greek characters, with the addition of a certain number of new characters for sounds peculiar to the Slavic language, and not found in the Greek. The number of characters is thirty-six, and as one walks the streets and sees the quantity of signs upon the buildings in these quaint, curious hieroglyphs, he feels himself indeed in a strange country, and amid a strange people. English is spoken, however, at all the principal hotels. The singularity soon wears away, and, recognizing the customs of the people, St. Petersburg becomes as any of the continental cities, and the traveler is at once interested in its sights and inhabitants. From the time of its foundation the wealth of the Empire has concentrated at St. Petersburg, and each succeeding Emperor has vied with his predecessor in beautifying and adorning it. Consequently there are many buildings and palaces whose ornaments and decorations present a splendor attainable only by the free use of a vast and replete exchequer.

The streets are broad and spacious, but poorly paved, and one's bones are made to ache as he is jolted about in a carriage, or shaken up in a drosky in going over them. (Commissioner Colley is much needed here to institute reform in this direction). The city is compactly built on both sides of the river Neva, a wide and beautiful stream, crossed at different points by three bridges, one of iron, and two of boats. On the south side, extending from the summer gardens to the dock yards, a distance of over three miles, is a

magnificent stone quay, with a walk or promenade along its entire length. Upon the north, or Neva quay as it is called, are the docks of the foreign shipping, and higher up the fortress and government buildings. Since the time of Peter the Great, the arts and sciences have been liberally fostered in the Empire, and St. Petersburg contains many buildings devoted to their study and practical application. There is an academy of science, an academy of arts, a school of mines, a military and naval school, where all branches are thoroughly taught in a manner fully up to the requirements of the times. As a place of interest to the traveler and sight-seer St. Petersburg compares favorably with other continental cities, indeed, surpassing some of them. It has its churches, its palaces, its picture galleries, its statues, monuments, and gardens, some of which exceed, in design and finish, those of other cities we have visited.

The most noted of the sacred edifices in St. Petersburg is the Church of St. Isaac's or *Isak* as it is termed in the Russian. Its great gilded dome towering above the surrounding buildings is the most conspicuous object seen in approaching the city. There is no special elegance in its design, but its massiveness impressed us more even than St. Paul's at London, or the Cathedral at Cologne. Its portico is supported by sixteen immense monolithic pillars of polished Finland granite, seven feet in diameter and sixty feet high, with bases and Corinthian capitals in bronze. The steps are huge blocks of the same material, finished and polished like the pillars. It rests upon a forest of piles driven into the ground to secure a firm foundation, the expense of which was over one million of dollars. The interior decoration is not elaborate, but very costly. Vast pillars of malachite and lapis lazuli flank the approach to and help to support the altar, while the floor before the altar is of huge blocks of polished porphyry, and the altar and sur-

rounding shrines glitter with gold and precious stones. The dome is covered with copper, plated with gold. Forty bushels of ducats were melted down and used for the purpose. The view from the summit of the dome is the best that can be obtained in the city. It is a hard climb, but when once attained the reward is ample. The "Peter Paul Church," as it is called, is on some accounts, perhaps, chief in interest. It is located on the north side of the Neva, within the walls of the fortress. Its slender spire, towering to a height of nearly four hundred feet above the pavement, is richly gilded, and is seen from all parts of the city. Within the church repose the remains of all the sovereigns of Russia save Peter the II, who lies at Moscow. While elegance and splendor surround the living, plainness and simplicity characterize their resting places when dead. From that of Peter the Great down, the tombs are all alike. From the floor rises an oblong marble block, some six feet long by two feet broad by four feet high, with beveled edges and cut corners, upon whose surface is placed a gilt cross. They are enclosed by a plain iron railing. Visitors are permitted to walk inside the rail and move about among the tombs at will. About the church, hung in profusion, are battle flags captured by the Russian arms in the French and Turkish wars. Preserved in a house at the left of the church portal is a boat, built under the direction of Peter the Great. It was brought from Archangel, painted and put in order, sent by the Emperor to Cronstadt, where the whole Russian fleet were ordered in line, and, as the little boat sailed by, each frigate honored it with a salute. It was thus christened as "The Father of the Russian fleet." In the same vicinity is the cottage of Peter the Great, built by his own hand, and the first building erected in St. Petersburg. It is built of wooden beams, after the manner of our old-fashioned log cabins, and divided into four rooms. To

preserve it, it has been painted to resemble brick, and covered with a building to protect it from the weather. It contains several articles of furniture which belonged to the old Emperor, also a row-boat, in which he used to row back and forth to the Admiralty upon the Neva.

Prominent upon the "Prospekt Nevesky" or main street of the city, stands the Kazan church, as it is called, built with a colonade, in imitation of St. Peter's, at Rome. When the city of Kazan was destroyed by Pugachev, in 1774, an image of the Virgin was found in the ashes unharmed. Deeming it a miracle the image was held in veneration, and in 1821 removed to St. Petersburg and placed in this church, which was dedicated thereto. It is perfectly covered with jewels and precious stones to the value of over seventy-five thousand dollars. The screens and doors before the altars are wrought with elaborate devices of pure silver, which was taken from Moscow to Paris by Napoleon, in 1812, and recaptured and returned by the Cossacks, who had followed him. The railing in front and the huge candlesticks which stand before the altar are of the same precious metal. The arch above the doors before the altar is supported by four beautiful fluted columns of polished jasper, and the steps leading thereto are of porphyry. A double colonade of huge pillars of Finland granite, with bases and Corinthian capitals of bronze, extends the whole distance around the inside of the church, giving it a grand and imposing effect.

This Finland granite, which takes such part in the construction of public buildings in Russia, is a red variegated stone, which takes a fine polish and presents a beautiful appearance when finished. The beautiful column standing in the place opposite the Winter Palace, erected to the memory of Alexander the First, and the largest monolith in the world, is of the same material. It is eighty-four feet high and fourteen feet in diameter. It stands upon a base of

the same beautiful stone, about twenty-five feet square, and of the same thickness. The total hight of the column, including base and capital, is one hundred and fifty-four feet.

There are many Palaces in St. Petersburg. We visited the most famous — the Winter Palace, located on the quay and extending along the river. It is of great size, containing an immense number of rooms *en suite*. The great saloons are decorated with paintings by Russian artists, representative of the various battles fought by the Russian arms. They are the finest battle pieces we have seen. The ornamentation of the Palace is chiefly white and gold, there being but little paint or fresco displayed. It is said by the guide books to be the finest Palace in the world, but in beauty of adornment and richness of decoration we think it surpassed by the Royal Palace at Berlin. In the Winter season the Palace is the scene of unparalleled gayety and splendor. Magnificent entertainments are given by the Imperial family, to which the nobility are invited, the number assembled sometimes reaching five or six thousand. Connected with the Palace, is a most wonderful building called the "Hermitage." It was built by Catherine the Great, and originally intended as a retreat from the cares of government, and hence its name. Between 1840 and 1850 it was entirely reconstructed, and is to-day one of the most beautiful and costly museums in the world. Its picture gallery is thought by many to excel that of Dresden or of Berlin. There is certainly more variety if not an equally high and finished style of art. There are sixteen hundred and thirty-five pictures, representing all the famous schools. Pictures by Rubens, Murillo, Vandyke, Rembrandt, and hosts of famous artists are here in rich profusion. Russia is well represented, and the works of her artists are worthy the place they occupy. Two exquisite pieces of coloring, masterpieces by Aivazofsky, a marine painter, attracted our

notice,—“Sunrise on the Black Sea” and “The Deluge,” grand and beautiful, both in conception and execution. Beautiful tables and vases of malichite, lapis lazuli, and other Siberian minerals adorn the saloons in great variety. One huge vase of polished jasper beautifully modelled and carved was shown us. Its weight is twenty-two tons, cut from a single block in the quarries at Siberia. The collection of antiquities from the Crimea is remarkable. Relics similar to those discovered at Pompeii and Herculaneum and also at Memphis and Thebes in Egypt. Ornaments of gold, copper, and brass; utensils of copper and iron; weapons of all kinds, and sarcophagi of wood and stone. The collection is large and curious. Here is also the museum of Peter the Great. It contains all the tools with which he worked, lathes of curious construction and mechanics' tools of all kinds, with many specimens of his handiwork. Here in various forms are jewels of untold value, adorning presents of various kinds made to the different members of the Imperial family, from Peter the Great down. The collection of jewels which is shown both here and at the Palace is probably the most magnificent in the world. In richness, in beauty, in number and variety, they stand incomparable and unexcelled.

A description of the Imperial crown and coronet of the Empress may interest the ladies. The crown in outline somewhat resembles the dome shaped mitre; it carries on its summit a cross of five beautiful diamonds, and supported by a huge uncut but polished ruby. Eleven great diamonds in a foliated arch rising from the front and back of the crown support this ruby and its cross, and on either side is a hoop of magnificent pearls, thirty-eight in number. The domed spaces on either side of these arches, or hoops of pearls, are filled with leaf work and ornaments of silver, covered with diamonds and underlaid with purple velvet. The band on

which the crown is supported, and which surrounds the brows of the Emperor, carries twenty-eight huge diamonds. The orb is surmounted by a splendid sapphire with a diamond of the finest water, and of an elongated form. Such is the Imperial crown of all the Russias, and beside it, in the glass case, blazes the great Orloff diamond, the largest and most magnificent of all the crown diamonds of Europe. It weighs one hundred and ninety-four and three-quarters carats. The price paid for it was four hundred and fifty thousand roubles in silver, a life annuity of two thousand roubles, and a patent of nobility. The coronet of the Empress is no less beautiful than the Imperial crown. Murray says, "It is the most magnificent mass of diamonds ever brought together into a single ornament. Four of the largest of these stones are of perfect beauty, and besides these there are sixteen or eighteen similar though somewhat smaller in dimensions. There are some eighty other diamonds of no less exquisite water, and the whole are surrounded and set with a multitude of stones fit in point of quality to be associated with them." Some idea may be formed of the blaze of splendor displayed at the wedding of the Princess Maria with the Duke of Edinburgh, where these jewels were worn by the members of the Imperial family, as well as the jewels from Dresden and Berlin, worn by the royal personages from these kingdoms who were guests on the occasion.

Besides all this, the hermitage is rich in statuary and other works of art as well as science. Eight beautiful marbles grace the hall leading to the picture galleries, and masterpieces of frescoing adorn the walls. They are from the Campagna Museum, and represent the progress of Grecian art. It requires four days to thoroughly inspect this wonderful museum. We gave it but one.

In a long hall, whose walls are decorated with tapestry,

we were shown the Imperial carriages, fifty-six in number, magnificently finished and decorated with silver, gold, and precious stones; splendid harnesses, set with jewels, and plumes heavy with gold. *Sixty millions roubles* in carriages and harness! A sum that would go far to wipe out the national debt at home.

To those interested in matters of science, the School of Mines presents an attractive field of observation. It contains the largest and most complete mineralogical cabinet in the world,—that of the British Museum not excepted. And the most interesting fact connected therewith is, the specimens are all from Russian territory, mostly from Siberia. The most remarkable specimens in the cabinet are a huge mass of malachite, weighing fourteen and a half tons; a huge nugget of gold valued at twenty thousand dollars, and a mass of pure platinum, weighing more than ten pounds; but the gem of the collection is an enormous beryl, weighing five pounds, and valued at over twenty-five thousand dollars. There are here displayed beryls, tourmalines, topazes, garnets, emeralds, sapphires, diamonds, and, in short, a variety of minerals, stones, and crystals almost endless. The mineral wealth of Siberia is enormous, far greater than is generally supposed, and in this great national collection magnificent specimens are lavishly displayed. My place of residence (United States) written after my name in the Visitors' Register, procured me the personal attendance of the director of the school, whose descriptions, through an interpreter, were of great interest. The Russians are exceedingly civil to all Americans. The mere knowledge that a visitor is an American will command favors when all else, even the all-potent copek, fails.

We should be wanting in courtesy did we omit to mention the kind hospitality we have received from Minister Jewell and his estimable family. The report of their being

favorites in St. Petersburg is true, and their friends at home may rest assured they have parted with none of their social reputation during their residence at the Russian capital. The entertainments given at their sumptuous apartments on the Boulevards are exceedingly *recherche*, and are well attended by the first society in St. Petersburg; the nobility and those moving in court circles, of course, included. The formalities here required by Imperial etiquette seem a little strange to the American citizen, whose right of social recognition at home depends solely on his own individual merit. The Emperor, the greatest person in the land, holds, *de jure et facto*, complete and universal sway. None can speak to him unless he first speaks to them. Rank takes precedence in all things, and he of plebian blood, be his ability or merit what it may, has no part or lot in the matter whatever; between the people and Imperial and court dignitaries rises a barrier that cannot be overcome. Even our own ministers hold intercourse only with such members of the Imperial court as possess a rank or station equal to their own, except at certain times, and under certain conditions and circumstances. We in the States are little aware to what extent this social exclusiveness is carried. A little incident I witnessed, a day or two since, at the American Legation, will illustrate this general ignorance.

When the Duke Alexis was traveling in the States, passing a certain town en route west, he was regaled with a plate of baked beans. Being asked how he relished them he replied (of course he could say nothing else), "Very much; better than anything he had before eaten." As a consequence, there lies to-day, in the office of the American Minister, a cask of white beans, addressed to the "Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia," forwarded, as a present, to his highness, by the party to whom he had so expressed his liking for them. Of course Imperial etiquette forbids his acceptance of these

plebian beans ; and the sender, whose good intentions, and ignorance of Imperial etiquette, were alike equally demonstrated, may have the satisfaction of knowing they will, in due time, be enjoyed by our Ambassador and his family, who, being New England people, know well how to appreciate the merits of a good, old-fashioned dish of pork and beans.

A visit to the Academy of Fine Arts amply repaid us for the time occupied in making it. Upon its walls are many choice and beautiful pictures, and in its salons are many fine marbles and bronzes. It was founded and liberally endowed by Catherine the Second, whose memory is perpetuated by a statue in marble of the Empress, seated on her throne, and overhung by a beautiful gilt canopy. It is in the rotunda, whose walls are hung with tapestry, of elaborate design and workmanship. The industries of St. Petersburg are not fully developed, save in certain lines and directions. There are several large iron works and woolen and cotton mills. Wool is grown in Siberia, as also in Southern Russia, and can be manufactured to better advantage than cotton. Iron is a staple product of Russia, though the rolling mills are located in Siberia, near to the mines, and some distance from St. Petersburg. The mills at St. Petersburg turn out rails and heavy machinery. The establishment of George Baird is the chief in the empire. It is an immense manufactory, and turns out large quantities of work. Engines, boilers, heavy machinery of all kinds, cast and wrought iron, cast and wrought brass, etc., are among its specialties. In its shops stand to-day the engines and boilers of the new Russian iron-clad "Peter the Great," and, in process, is the immense machinery for driving the new frigate the General Admiral. The engines are compounded. The large cylinder, one hundred and thirty inches in diameter, the small one ninety-two. The latter casting, weighing

eighteen tons, was poured eight days before our visit to the works. It was hot at the time of our visit, when workmen were engaged in digging it out. The large cylinder will weigh thirty-five tons, requiring about forty-five tons of metal in the cupolas. It will be poured next week, and would, doubtless, interest our good friend the "Judge," could he witness the operation. The establishment employs some fourteen hundred men, at a monthly expenditure, for wages, of some twenty-eight thousand roubles.

Of the shops of St. Petersburg, and the merchandise on sale, a word may be said. Stores for the sale of the staple wares are scattered about in different parts of the city, though the larger and better class are situated on the Prospekt Nevsky, the main street of the capital. In the Bazaar, as it is called, are located principally the shops where curiosities, fancy articles, and goods peculiar to Russia are offered for sale, though there are places where they may be purchased outside, upon the Nevsky. These consist chiefly of articles of malachite, lapis lazuli, and other minerals; and of precious stones from Siberia and the Ural mountains; of silks from Persia, and embroideries from Caucassia, as well as the articles common in the stores of the Western cities, London, Paris, etc. There is also a locality called in English the "Rag Fair" where all sorts of merchandise is sold at low prices, much of said merchandise being stolen and brought here for sale. There is no system of business adopted by the shopkeepers of St. Petersburg, the whole set being looked upon as swindlers and extortioners, and unless one is accompanied by an honest courier, or can speak the language, and understands how to bargain, no purchase can be made, unless at a cost twice exceeding its value. Like that of Paris, the vicinity of St. Petersburg abounds in excursions that are of interest to the traveler. Among them are those to Cronstadt, to Peterhoff, and to

Tsarskoe Selo. At the latter place is the favorite summer palace of the Imperial family. The grounds about the palace are certainly the most beautiful we have yet beheld. The Bois de Boulogne at Paris, or gardens at Versailles, will bear no comparison. They are eighteen miles in circumference, and abound with shaded walks, splendid drives, hills, valleys, lakes, waterfalls, and villas,—in fact, a setting worthy the palatial gem it encircles. This great extent of territory is kept up in splendid style. The trees are trimmed; the walks and drives all cleanly swept; the grass, as with us, kept closely cropped. No nook or corner is overlooked or neglected; it is all alike a fairy paradise. And what shall we say of the palace itself? We had heard of the vast amount of money lavished by the great Catherine on this her favorite resort, but were hardly prepared to witness the blaze of splendor that burst upon us as we passed along the halls, and wandered through the apartments, rich in reminiscences of the peerless queen. It is nearly eight hundred feet long, with wings or ells projecting from either extremity, in one of which is the church or chapel, surmounted by beautiful gilded domes, shaped like crowns, four on either corner, and one larger rising from the center. Originally every statue, moulding, and cornice outside the building was heavily gilded, but it has worn away and never been replaced; there being now no gilding upon the outside, save upon the domes of the chapel, which are kept highly polished, presenting a dazzling appearance when struck by the rays of the sun. I will not attempt the description of the inside of the palace, save of its more prominent features. It shimmers with polished silver, and gleams with glittering gold. There are chambers with pillars of malachite and panels of lapis lazuli; floors in wood mosaic, and inlaid with pearl. One chamber, with walls and ceiling, panels, cornices, and mouldings all of amber, presented to

the queen by Frederick the Great of Prussia ; and, in token, a beautiful model, in bronze, of the statue by Rauch, in Berlin, occupies the center of the room. The grand hall, or saloon, is most beautiful ; not so elaborate in decoration, perhaps, as the Berlin palace, but far more rich and pleasing,—white and gold. A little white in plain and moulded plaster, and beautiful figures and elaborate carvings, heavy with the lustrous metal in rich contrast. And the fresco that adorns the ceiling ! — allegorical in character, but grand and beautiful both in conception and execution ; the whole combining to form an apartment worthy its position as the chief saloon of the palace. The chapel and audience room compelled our admiration. Painted a deep blue, and decorated with heavy ornaments and elaborate carvings, laid upon with gold alone, the effect is marvelous. In the grounds outside the palace is the armory, containing specimens of the arms and ammunition of the various countries with whom Russia has been at war, from the period of her early history down. Fierce-looking knights, in shining suits of armor, greet your entrance, and mail-clad warriors frown upon you from various nooks and corners, as you advance, while the walls are hung with guns and pistols, sabres and cutlasses, helmets and cuirasses ; in fact, it is a vast collection of arms and weapons of every conceivable kind, sort, and description, and possesses more of interest to the military general than to the peaceful traveler, and so we passed on. Next was the pavilion, a small building hid away in the trees, to the steps of which flow the waters of a miniature lake. Here the Grand Duchess Alexandria used to feed her tame swans that came to the steps at her call. At her untimely death they were replaced by black ones, which, unable to bear the rigor of the climate, have also perished, and now the lake is tenantless. A monument to her memory is erected in a small enclosure near the spot. It is a

figure, in marble, of the duchess, with her infant in her arms, and above it the inscription, in Russian, "Not my will but thine be done." In an old brick ruin is shown a beautiful marble statue of Christ, by Dannecker.

Included in this excursion is the drive to Pavlofsk, the Central Park of the Russian capital. It is filled with beautiful walks, and avenues for carriages. Near the railroad station is a pavilion called "Vauxhall," where, at evening, gather the *elite* of Russian society, to promenade and listen to the music furnished by an excellent band of some fifty pieces, paid by the railway company, who also keep up the grounds and make the place attractive. In the darkness of the longer evenings the grounds are beautifully lit by a multitude of lamps, similar in arrangement to those in the Jardin Mabille at Paris. There is no charge for admission, the whole thing being maintained at the expense of the railway company, who own the grounds and buildings.

Situated fifteen miles from the city, directly upon the shore of the Gulf of Finland, is the town of Peterhoff, the most beautiful suburb of the capital. Here is located the palace settled by Queen Elizabeth, the most favorite resort for the members of the Imperial family, from her day to the present. It is not as large, nor as elaborately decorated, as that at Tsarskoe Selo, nor are the grounds so extensive in area; yet its beautiful location, the fine walks and drives with which it is surrounded; the many reminiscences of Peter the Great, that flank it on every hand; and, lastly, the magnificent fountains that adorn its lawns, its groves, and its terraces, make it at once the most beautiful and attractive suburb of St. Petersburg. We had said, on beholding the palace and parks at Tsarskoe Selo, "Nothing can exceed this in beauty;" but it must yield the palm to Peterhoff. Upon an eminence, and half hidden by the trees, stands the palace. Not as large, or as richly decor-

ated, as that at Tsarskoe Selo, but environed by surroundings far more beautiful. It faces upon the Gulf, which is seen across the tree tops, some half a mile away. From the lawns and groves below rise terraces to the palace front, which are adorned with statues, fountains, and flowers. The fountains are magnificent, far exceeding, in number and arrangement, the famous fountains at Versailles. Approaching the palace from below, you come upon them, one after another, each different from its predecessor in style and arrangement, until, reaching the front of the palace, the most beautiful and elaborate combination appears to view. In the foreground is a huge basin, with a massive gilt statue of Sampson opening a lion's jaws, as the center piece. It is surrounded with jets, through which the water is forced to a hight of some seventy or eighty feet. On either side, upon the terraces, rise marble basins and gilded statues, forming a line of fountains on either hand; while from the basin of the large one in the center issues a small canal, extending through the lawns directly to the gulf. It is lined, on either side, with marble basins and *jets de eau*, placed equi-distant upon the banks, the whole forming a beautiful combination it would be difficult to excel. From the gulf, on both sides of the canal to the main fountain, and thence up the terraces to the palace, rise, in regular gradation, these basins and statues, the force of the water being graduated, causing the jets to rise to a common hight from all; and then among the trees are fountains, in the nooks and corners are fountains, by the roadside and upon the lawns are fountains,—everywhere there are fountains. Here you come upon a white statue, surrounded with numerous jets, and there upon a statue of gold; now upon a Roman temple, with pillars and cornice, and between each pillar a marble basin and *jet de eau*, and now upon a fountain like a pyramid, throwing out a solid, watery cone. At one point the

hill is terraced with marble stairs, with broad, brass risers. On either side are rows of beautiful statues, and between these statues, from stair to stair, pours the volume of water to the basin below. The appearance of these stairs, when the sun shines through the falling water upon the polished brass risers, is beautiful. They resemble burnished gold. Two twelve-inch pipes conduct the water from a lake back upon the hills, and *the fountains pass it all*. Within the grounds is the Marley palace, built by Catherine for Peter the Great, and containing many reminiscences of the old Emperor. In front is a large pond, containing many tame carp, which come to the surface of the water at the sound of a bell, to be fed. Here is, also, Montplaisir, from whence the Emperor watched the coming of the Swedish fleet at the time he feared the demonstrations of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, and also where he died. The bed was shown us upon which he breathed his last,—his night-cap, gown, etc., remaining upon it just as he left them. The building faces directly upon the sea, and was the favorite resort of the Emperor. There are other places of interest about Peterhoff, but our space will not permit us to describe them all. We have dwelt too much in detail already.

Familiar to the student in the science of astronomy is the name of the Pulkova observatory, one of the principal astronomical observatories of the world. It is located in the little town of Pulkova, near St. Petersburg, on the high road to Moscow. It was founded in 1838, by the Emperor Nicholas, and provided with splendid instruments adapted to the minutest detail of scientific research and observation. Struve, the well known astronomer, was its director. Since his death the position has been most ably filled by his son, who succeeded him. The history of many important discoveries in astronomy are connected with this observatory, among them the measurement of the arc of the meridian

between the Danube and the Polar sea, and the great measurement comprising fifty-two degrees of latitude, between Valentia, Ireland, and Orsk, in Siberia.

The name of Struve is also connected with the location and mapping out of what are known in astronomy as the "double stars," which have lately been subjected to the analysis of the spectroscope. A visit to this observatory was fraught with much interest. Passing out of the city through the Moscow gate, a magnificent attic, supported by twelve columns, each sixty-eight feet high and seven feet in diameter, erected in 1838, to commemorate the various triumphs of the Russian arms, a ride of fifteen miles over a level road brings us to the foot of the eminence upon which the observatory is built. Surrounding it is the little Russian village of Pulkova, whose peasant inhabitants can but little appreciate the importance of the buildings rising here in their midst. We were courteously received by the director, who at once detailed one of the observers to conduct us through the buildings. To those unacquainted with the detail of a first-class modern observatory, the apparatus and mechanism it possesses is quite wonderful, and the results attained in no small degree astonishing, and as that at Pulkova is one of the chief in the world, and its director one of the most noted of modern astronomers, a description of the instruments and the methods employed in the observation of the heavens may not be uninteresting. In the center of the building rises the dome which covers the great refractor, the principal telescope in the observatory. It is a huge instrument, with an eighteen inch objective, and a tube thirty-two feet long. Like all instruments of its class, it is arranged to follow the motion of any star under observation, a body once within its axis remaining there until the observation is complete. This result is attained by clock work, which carries the telescope forward at a rate of speed pro-

portionate to that of the star. Located upon either side of the great dome are what are called the "north and south meridian rooms," each of which is in charge of a separate observer, and contains a complete apparatus for making the proper observations and recording the results; two splendid instruments with all the accessories, one, a "vertical circle" as it is called (an invention of Otto Struve, by which two observations may be obtained from different angles, the mean between the two extremes thus obtained being taken as the correct one), and a "meridian transit" for making observations in the usual manner.

"Now," said the attendant astronomer, as he paused in his explanations of the manner of use of his instruments, "let us make an observation." (Referring to his catalogue, and then to the clock, whose loud ticking sounding through the room denoted the passing seconds), "in eight minutes, ten seconds, a star of the third magnitude will cross the meridian, the star Delta, in the constellation Bootes." Seating us in the chair, and adjusting the eye-piece, with the instrument pointing to that spot in the heavens where the orbit of the star should cut the axis of the telescope, he bade us watch its appearance, while he should designate the time it was due by reference to the clock. "One — two — three — *Now*," said he, as the ninth second passed; and there, between the spider lines, appeared the silvery, quivery form of the predicted star, which swiftly crossed the field of the telescope, and was lost again in space. It appeared wonderful indeed. All honor to the immortal Kepler, to Bode, and to Bradley, for the enunciation and expression of those laws, which from variety have wrought out order and beauty, and from complexity have evolved unity and harmony. We were also shown a double star, to the examination of which Struve has paid that special attention which has made his name famous by the results obtained.

Said the astronomer, as it shot into the field of the telescope, and passed between the spider lines, "You see it is elongated in form, not round. Its distance is so great it is beyond the power of the telescope to divide it distinctly, but the elongation, you see, proves its identity as a double star." It was the star Sigma, No. 1905, in Struve's catalogue.

There are appliances for eliminating the errors of observation; clocks for recording the true time, one of which is a beautiful piece of mechanism. A clock which shall record the time correctly must be perfect mechanically, and absolutely free from any outside influence. Two causes commonly interfere to prevent such result even in a clock whose mechanism is thus absolutely perfect. One is the variation in temperature. This is usually overcome by the employment of a mercury pendulum, and of a combination of pendulum rods of metals having an unequal degree of expansion, and so graduated that the mean or average of variation shall be always constant. The other is the variation in the height of the barometer, or, in other words, the pressure of the atmosphere. At Pulkova the average height of the barometer is thirty inches, and the variation of one inch in pressure causes in a clock, otherwise perfect, a variation of four tenths of a second, an important error where an observation is required to the hundredth or thousandth part of such division of time. This difficulty is overcome by placing the clock in a glass case, and by means of the air pump maintaining upon it an equal and constant pressure. The pressure is kept constant at eighteen inches, and true and exact time is thus practically obtained. It is forwarded at ten a. m. each day to St. Petersburg, by telegraph, and thence disseminated to Moscow and other points in the Empire.

About the grounds are scattered smaller observatories,

containing instruments for the use of students and officers connected with the Russian army and navy, who are sent here for instruction in the use of instruments necessary for triangulation and observation connected with the coast survey, and to whom the instruments in the great observatory are inaccessible. The working force of the observatory consists of a director, Mr. Struve, who ranks as general in the Russian army, three senior and two junior observers, one calculator, and a mechanic or carpenter, beside such students as by government appointment are sent here for instruction in the science. One student goes out from the observatory to the Russian station in Siberia to observe the coming transit of Venus. Several expeditions are being sent out by the Russian government to witness this phenomena. One to simply observe and record; another to observe and photograph the observations; and a third to observe, photograph, and take measurements with the heliometer, a duty not usually undertaken by expeditions of this character. We were told that, beside the one owned by the Russian government, there was but one instrument of the kind in Europe, and that in the possession of a private gentleman in England, who proposed sending out an expedition at his own expense, for the purpose of furthering the interests of science in this direction. After a thorough inspection of the observatory and its details, we were conducted over the beautiful grounds, and shown many objects of interest. Upon the lawn at the right of the main entrance, and enclosed with a plain railing, is the grave of the elder Struve, the first director of the observatory, marked with a plain marble slab. Nowhere in our intercourse with the *savans* of Europe have we been more kindly received, or more courteously treated, than by the director of the Pulkova observatory, and the astronomers under his charge. Our visit will be remembered with pleasure in the years to come.

Twenty miles below St. Petersburg, on a large island at the head of the Gulf of Finland, is the town of Cronstadt. It was founded by Peter the Great, who here established the famous fortifications which defend the approach to the city. The forts are built upon several islands, which are located at intervals between Oranienbaum and Fox Nose, the two headlands upon either side the Gulf, the distance between being about twenty miles, the number of batteries in all being twenty-two. Stretching thus across the head of the gulf they form a line of defense seemingly impregnable. The city of Cronstadt occupies the largest and most central of the before mentioned islands, and has a population of some thirty-seven thousand souls. The principal buildings are those belonging to the government and connected with the Russian navy. From Cronstadt to St. Petersburg, the water in the bay and river is very shallow, and the channel tortuous, obliging all vessels drawing over eight feet of water to discharge their cargoes at Cronstadt, and send them to the city in tow. The docks are excellent, and extensive, and until one remembers that St. Petersburg is the commercial metropolis of the Empire, and that Cronstadt is the port of St. Petersburg, the forest of masts one sees, and the amount of shipping that fills the docks, is surprising. The docks are of granite, and enclose the shipping somewhat after the manner of those at Liverpool. At the time of our visit, among all the shipping here present there was but one American vessel, the barque Owego of New York. From the mole or sea wall, upon which guns are planted, a fine view is had of the town, and the outer fortifications. Communication with St. Petersburg twice a day by steamer upon the Neva.

Some astonishment has been created here in diplomatic circles, by the recall of Minister Jewell, and his appointment, by the President, to the office of Postmaster-General,

made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Creswell. While he is heartily congratulated upon the appointment, there is much regret expressed, especially by the American residents of St. Petersburg, at his departure from Russia, his kindness and friendliness having won their deepest respect and esteem. The coming of the proposition from the President, and its acceptance by the Minister, were equally sudden and unexpected. The telegram reached him as he was *en route* to the railway, to leave the city, with his family, for a summer vacation. His acceptance was at once signified, and he returned to the city to complete his mission, and prepare for his return to the States.

For the first time in fifteen years the anniversary of our national independence was here officially recognized, on the occasion of its occurrence on Saturday last. In response to invitations which had been previously given out, the Americans of St. Petersburg, both resident and transient, to the number of some twenty-five or thirty, assembled at the residence of Minister Jewell, where they were cordially received, and handsomely entertained. From the balcony, upon one corner, fluttered out upon the breeze the American flag, and from the other the insignia of Russia,—a pleasing sight to the guests, as they entered the doors of the mansion ; the more so because it was also the first time the American flag was ever displayed in Russia upon the occasion of any *fête* or holiday, such practice being against the Imperial law. Special permission, however, was courteously accorded to the Minister, upon application to the chief-of-police, and so was witnessed, for the first time, the unfurling of the American colors in Russia on a Fourth of July. The dinner was *au fait* in all respects. After the serving of the last course the guests were called to order by the host, who said :

“From time immemorial this day has been set apart at

home for speech-making, and though, at this late hour, I do not propose to detain the guests by any lengthy speeches, I have prepared a few sentiments which may not be inappropriate, and which I will now offer, and first I will propose, "The President of the United States." Responded to by the Minister himself, and then in order as follows:

"The Emperor of Russia." No response,—proxy being an unknown word in the Imperial dictionary, and his health was drank in silence.

"The day we celebrate." Responded to by H. D. Moore, Esq., of Philadelphia.

"Our English friends." Responded to by Capt. Helbert, of the English banking-house in St. Petersburg.

"The American Colony in St. Petersburg." Responded to by Mr. Prince, an American resident and merchant of St. Petersburg.

"The Soldiers of the American Army." Responded to by Brigadier-General Pomutz, the United States Consul General at St. Petersburg.

"The American Travelers now in St. Petersburg." Responded to in a humorous vein by Mr. Mills, of Cincinnati.

"The Secretary of the American Legation." Responded to by Mr. Schuyler, who then offered the "Health of the Honorable Minister," after which a poem, which had been improvised for the occasion, and bearing upon the departure of Mr. Jewell from Russia, was rendered by its author, Mrs. Beach, an American lady resident of St. Petersburg, and received with applause. The company separated at a seasonable hour, expressing best wishes for the host and hostess, and all well pleased with this their celebration of the Fourth of July in the Russian capital.

Of all the public parks in the city, that known as the Summer Gardens is the chief. It contains broad walks, bordered with statuary, booths and stalls where small wares,

confectionery, etc., are sold, and pavilions from whence, on pleasant evenings, music is discoursed for the amusement of the promenaders with which the park is usually thronged. A drive to the islands is the pleasantest carriage excursion in the vicinity of St. Petersburg. The Neva discharges its waters through some four or five different branches into the Gulf of Finland, forming in its course a number of islands, on which are situated numerous elegant villas and Summer residences. The drives are excellent, and during the long Summer evenings are filled with the *elite* and fashion of the city, who come here for the purpose of recreation and display. It is the "Bois de Bolougne" of St. Petersburg. The open space fronting St. Isaac's church, and containing the celebrated statue of Peter the Great, has lately been enclosed and handsomely laid out as a public garden, and will soon be thrown open to the public. The Emperor, who has been absent from the capital the most of the Summer, is expected on Saturday, and the palace is being put in order for his reception. We leave on that date for Moscow, and shall miss the attendant ceremonies.

LETTER XI.

St. Petersburg to Moscow — The Government Railway — Approach to the City — View from the Citadel — The Kremlin — The Great Bell of Moscow — A City of Palaces, Churches, and Bells — Life in Moscow — Stores, Bazaars, and Shops — Public Conveyances — Outside Surroundings — Departure for Warsaw.

In the days of my boyhood, when pursuing, among others, in the old academy which stood upon the place now occupied by our City Hall, the study of geography, there was nothing which so attracted my young fancy as the facts related in connection with the history of Moscow. I well recollect, upon the page of the book, a picture representing the burning of the city by Napoleon, and how vivid was the impression it made. The retreat of the Russians, the entry of the French into the ruined and deserted city, the awful death of the thirty thousand sick and wounded soldiers who perished in the flames, and the final retreat of the French commander, were facts which were impressed on my mind with more than common emphasis; but I never expected to stand upon the spot, and witness with my own eyes the localities made famous by the events described. Like a wild fancy would it then have seemed to me, yet today this fancy has become a fact. I have stood within the walls of the Kremlin, and looked out upon the city from beside the tower of the citadel. From St. Petersburg to Moscow the distance is four hundred miles; communication by railway, the best in the Empire; time by express train fifteen hours. The railway, an excellent piece of engineering, was built and equipped by two Americans, Ross Winans of Bal-

timore, and the late Joseph Harrison, Esq., of Philadelphia. It has a double track the whole distance ; the stations are large and commodious, and the permanent way has no superior in the country. We came by the night train, and our accommodations were excellent. Sleeping chairs, comfortably upholstered, and so arrayed as to enable one to recline at ease, were an unexpected luxury, and we were enabled to do them full and hearty justice. The country between the two cities is a continued stretch of weariness and dreary desolation. Long reaches of forests, of white birch and pine, and, in the marshes, the black alder, alternate with wide, cheerless plains, with here and there a small Russian village, with its low, brown houses. These are the characteristics of the territory that intervenes ; this the panorama presented, as one traverses the railway, until, in a moment, golden cupolas, strange-looking kiosks, pagoda-like domes, and glistening turrets, start up before you, and you realize that in the wilderness there is a city, and in the solitude there are habitations.

Fetridge, the author of Harpers' Hand Book, thus vividly pictures the approach to Moscow : "The first view as you approach the capital of the Slavonians, rising brightly in the cold solitudes of the Christian east, produces an impression never to be forgotten. One beholds star-spangled belfries, airy turrets, strangely-shaped towers, gilded domes, palaces, and old convents, the idea conveyed being singular in the extreme." Before St. Petersburg, it was the capital of the Russian Empire, and practically (though not nominally) it holds the same position yet. Here are all the Emperors crowned, and here, up to the time of Peter the Great, were they all buried. (Since the time of the latter Emperor they have been buried in the Peter Paul church at St. Petersburg.) The population is about three hundred and seventy thousand souls. In 1812 the city was almost entirely de-

stroyed by fire, little remaining except the Kremlin and its immediate surroundings; but, Phoenix-like, it has risen from its ashes, more beautiful and magnificent than before. It covers a large extent of territory, but its streets are irregular, looking much as if they were playing a game at cross-purposes. From the terrace in front of the Imperial palace is a fine view overlooking the city (Russian Moscow as it is called). The green roofs, pagoda-shaped domes and turrets, either painted green or gilded, the beautiful buildings, and, in the distance, the hills rising up as a background, with the river Moskva winding its way on to the great stream of the Volga,—these all unite to form a picture pleasant to look upon. But it is from the great dome of the tower of "Ivan the Terrible" that the finest view of the city is obtained. It is like the view of Paris from the summit of the "Arc de Triumph." It is all taken in at a glance, and one can more fully comprehend the strangeness with which its grotesque, half European, half Asiatic style of architecture invests it, than from any other point of observation in the whole city. This tower stands directly upon the summit of the citadel, and is two hundred and seventy feet high. It contains over forty magnificent bells of various sizes, the largest weighing sixty-four tons. At the foot of this tower, upon an octagonal base of granite blocks, some five feet high and thirty feet in diameter, stands the world-renowned "Tzar Rolokol," or king of bells, more commonly known as the "great bell of Moscow." Figures give but little idea of its immense size. It is twenty-one feet high, sixty-seven feet in circumference, and weighs over two hundred tons. The piece which was broken out at the time of its fall stands on the ground by the side of the pedestal, and is, in itself, large enough to make a good-sized bell. The metal is rich in silver, and is said to be worth at the present time over two millions of dollars.

The Kremlin is the old town or citadel which is enclosed within the walls, and is the most ancient part of Moscow. It is some two miles in circuit, and is crowded with churches, palaces, monasteries, arsenals, and buildings of every kind, in which the Tartar style of architecture is predominant. There are towers of every form, domes, steeples, belfries, turrets, minarets, spires, loop holes, battlements, and all sorts of whimsical and incomprehensible devices, mixed up in a strange medley of confusion. In this respect it is "confusion worse confounded." You cannot tell which is the beginning, which the middle, or which the end. There are two walls enclosing the Kremlin, both of brick, and white-washed. Once they might have served the purpose of protection, but they would not do so now. A volley or two from a ten-inch Dahlgren or Parrot gun would make sad havoc with them. There are twenty towers or spires upon the outer walls, under five of which are gates. The chief gate is the "Redeemer's Gate," as it is called, and over it has hung, ever since the founding of the city, a picture of the Saviour, which is held in great veneration by the inhabitants. No one passes under it without removing the hat. Jew or Gentile, peasant or noble, citizen or stranger, the hat of every one must be taken off in token of reverence. "Did you take off your hats?" some one will ask. Certainly we did,— it is imperative on all.

Within the Kremlin are located the most interesting of the edifices connected with the history of ancient Moscow. Though many of them were damaged by the mines which were sprung under them by Napoleon, yet they have all been repaired, and are to-day as they were before the siege which has rendered them so famous in history. The Imperial palace or stopping place of the Emperor when he visits Moscow (two or three times per annum, and the Empress *never*); the Church of the Annunciation connected

therewith, with its beautifully-gilded domes and rich pavement of agate, jasper, and cornelian,—the place of the performances of the royal marriages before the time of Peter the Great, and of the administration of the right of baptism to those of the Imperial family ; the Church of the Assumption, with its costly shrines and saintly relics ; the House of the Holy Synod, where, once in three years, is made the holy oil with which every child in Russia, belonging to the Greek church, is baptized ; the Arsenal, the Treasury, and other buildings of more or less interest, are all clustered within the narrow limits of the citadel, and surrounded by the inside wall. Upon a granite step, at the corner of the Arsenal, stands the "Tsaar-Pushka," or great cannon cast by order of Queen Anne, and famous for its unique design, and the grotesque character of the carriage which supports it. It is some twelve feet long ; its bore is three feet in diameter, and its weight is forty tons. We were told by our guide that Peter the Great once ordered it fired, and, because it would not go off, his Highness ordered that the Queen, by whose direction it was cast, be flogged, which order was executed. Distributed about the grounds in the vicinity of the arsenal are a great number of cannon, taken from the French in the war of 1812, — also from the Prussians and Poles. The Imperial palace, which was partially destroyed and afterward rebuilt by order of Nicholas I, occupies the most prominent position on the terrace in the citadel. Outside it has the same general appearance as the other palaces we have visited,—finished with yellow stucco, and ornamented with plaster mouldings, stuccoed to correspond. Inside there are the same gorgeous saloons and elegantly furnished apartments ; the banquet hall, the reception room and grand saloon being large, and finely decorated. Enormous is the cost to maintain royalty in Russia ; there are, in different parts of the Empire, no less than two hundred of these Imperial dwellings, which must be

ready to receive their royal owners at any time they may see fit to visit them. Many of them are occupied but once or twice during the year, and some of them not at all, and yet they are all kept up and maintained with the same amount of order as they would be if used as a continual residence. To meet this vast expenditure taxes are laid upon the people,—the poor drosky-driver paying a tax of one hundred and fifty roubles annually, and other classes in proportion.

Outside the inner wall of the Kremlin, and near the "Holy Gate," stands the famous Cathedral of St. Basil, erected by Ivan the Terrible, upon the spot where his son was put to death. Its architecture is of no acknowledged style, being in appearance quaint, curious, and grotesque. It has some twenty spires, including the nine chief domes, under which latter are erected shrines or altars, each dedicated to some particular saint in the Russian calendar. It is of brick, and stuccoed in many different ways and colors. Inside, the arches and passages communicating from chapel to chapel are low, narrow, and tortuous; and but for the gaudily-painted figures and frescoes which adorn the walls and ceilings, one might imagine himself in a prison rather than a sanctuary. Moscow is not only pre-eminently a city of churches,—possessing in the neighborhood of four hundred, and no two of them of the same plan of architecture,—but it is distinctively a city of bells, each of the four hundred churches having from four to six bells, according to the size and importance of the edifice in which they are hung. The poet Poe must have been in Moscow on some Sunday or saint's day, to have caught the inspiration which was upon him when he wrote his poem, "The Bells."

West of the Kremlin there is now being erected a magnificent cathedral, of Russian marble outside and Italian marble inside, called the "Church of our Saviour." From

the four corners rise four gilded domes, and from the center a huge pagoda, after the style of St. Isaac's at St. Petersburg, except the domes are pagoda shaped, and not oval as are those on the latter cathedral. It has already been thirty-five years in building, but its completion has lately been promised the Emperor, by the architect, in 1878. It is to commemorate the Russian victory over the French, in 1812. Near by the Cathedral of St. Basil is the old Romanoff palace belonging to Alexis, the great-grandfather of Peter the Great. It is built of brick, and its rooms are small and low. The walls are painted in gay colors, but, like St. Basil's Church, it has the air of a prison rather than that of a palace.

In the Place of the Kremlin, or open space fronting the Holy Gate, is the bazaar, where merchandise of all kinds is offered for sale. It is similar to that at St. Petersburg, consisting of little stalls or shops on either side of passageways which run the length of the bazaar. Here can be purchased silks from Persia, diamonds and gems from Siberia, fancy wares from Tula, shawls and embroideries from Armenia, as well as articles common to the markets of the west. In this respect Moscow is a sort of dividing line, or central emporium, between Europe and Asia, it being the last city of importance this side the Ural Mountains, and on the direct route of overland travel to China and Japan. Upon the mountains, far to the east of Kzan, is the dividing line between Europe and Asia. It is marked by a granite monument, which stands directly upon the boundary. Upon one side are engraved the letters "Europe," and on the other "Asia,"—the only evidence of civilization for miles on either hand, it stands, in its loneliness, marking the separation between two of the five grand divisions of the globe.

To see Russian life in all its essential characteristics, one should come to Moscow. St. Petersburg has proportion-

ately a much larger foreign element, consisting of English, French, and German, and shows plainly its influence ; but in Moscow, what is not of the East (Persia, Armenia, etc.,) is thoroughly Russian. The form and feature, dress and occupation, of both high and low, evidences their Slavonic origin, and their subsequent development in the same organic line. A walk through the "Rag Fair" would interest the anthropologist and the student of Darwinism alike, to study, in the features of those who throng that locality, the evidence of the commingling of the races, the East with the West, and the observance of the field presented for the argument of the question of the "origin of species." Of the merchandise sold in these bazaars, that usually purchased by travelers from the West consists of articles of silver heavily gilded,—spoons, cups, trays and articles of table ware,—which are sold by weight, and cannot be found west of Moscow ; articles of papier-mache, beautifully painted upon, showing scenes characteristic of Russian life ; Tula ware and Siberian jewels, and the goods brought from Tartary and Caucassia.

There is a kind of wine made in the Caucasus which is held in great esteem by the Russian gentry. It is seldom seen further west than Moscow, and even here there is but one place where it can be obtained, and that the store of an Armenian merchant in the *Gostanni Dvor*. It is brought in leatheren bottles from Tiflis, and commands a high price, being known as the "Red wine of the Caucasus." While in Moscow wines of all kinds are high in price, water is plenty and excellent in quality, which can be said of no other city east of London. On the continent, in every locality, it is execrably bad, and woe to the luckless individual who has the temerity to drink it. *Williams' Jamaica Ginger* is, however, an effectual antidote. Moscow is supplied with pure water from a series of some fifty springs, which

lie some ten miles back upon the hills. It is brought to the city in pipes, and distributed in the usual manner.

The public omnibuses of Moscow are a singular style of vehicle. A long bench placed upon a pair of axles, with sittings on either side, and covered simply with a canopy overhead,—people riding sideways, something after the manner of an Irish jaunting car, save the body is on four wheels instead of two. The omnibus will carry eight persons, four in a row, and is drawn by two and sometimes three horses, driven abreast. There is nothing to prevent the passenger falling off into the street, save by holding on to his neighbor, and should the craft get into rough water, the shipwreck of the whole institution is inevitable. The droskies are of a much better kind than at St. Petersburg,—those being open to the weather, while those in Moscow are covered like a carriage,—but to any one not accustomed to riding in them the operation is anything but agreeable.

Moscow has but few public parks within the city; the Alexander Gardens, surrounding the Kremlin walls upon the west side, are the chief. They are long and narrow, and the trees (elms and lindens) show, by their stunted growth, the severity of the Winter climate. Here were the buildings of the National Exposition, which was held in 1872, some of which are still standing. At Sparrow Hills, some five miles west of the city, is located a villa belonging to the Empress, which strangers usually visit. From the hills beyond is had a fine view of the city, but it is not so comprehensive as that from the Tower in the Kremlin. It is more like the view of Paris from the Buttes Chaumont, while that from the Tower, as has been stated, is like that of Paris from the summit of the Arc de Triumph. There are other objects and localities of interest, but our space will not permit us to describe them all. It has been our good fortune to be favored with the services of an English-speaking guide while in Mos-

cow,— William Clarke, commissionaire at Hotel Billo,— whom we cordially recommend to any one visiting this locality. There are but two guides in the city who speak English, the balance being German and Russian. At half-past eight to-morrow morning we go hence to Warsaw, and thence to Vienna, Munich, and Venice.

LETTER XII.

Route to Warsaw — Scenery on the Way — Russian Women and their Sphere of Usefulness — Smolensk — Excellence of the Railway Line — Arrival at the Polish Capital — Churches — The Lazienski Park and Palace — Incidents of the Revolution — Our Enthusiastic Guide — Departure for Vienna — Scenery en route.

Warsaw, until its conquest by Russia in 1815, the capital of the kingdom of Poland, and now the residence of the Viceroy of the Emperor, is a beautiful city with a population of two hundred and sixty thousand souls. It is distant from Moscow about one thousand miles by railway ; time between the two cities, usually, about forty hours, cars running through without change. There are but three places of any size upon the route, Smolensk, Minsk, and Brest-Litowski, the latter, as viewed from the railway, about the size of Waterbury, and the former a city of larger size and importance. Other than these the settlements are simply little clusters of houses forming the Russian villages, and, in many instances, only the buildings belonging to the Railway Company, located in the wilderness and on the plains, at intervals of twenty to twenty-five miles apart. The railway is a single line of track, passing through dreary forests of birch and pine, and across vast stretches of level plains, until it reaches Brest-Litowski, some one hundred and fifty miles from Warsaw, when the country becomes more thickly settled, and loses that cheerless dreariness that characterizes it from thence to Moscow.

The crops are principally rye and oats, which are cultivated to an immense extent,—vast fields of the former grain being seen stretching back from the railway as far as

the eye can reach on either hand, and in most cases looking nice and thrifty. The tools and appliances with which the peasants cultivate the soil are of the rudest, simplest kind, and it appeared to us a little surprising that they should obtain such thrifty-looking crops. Women perform the heaviest part of the labor in cultivating the soil, and the sight of them in the fields, with their bare limbs, short skirts, and turbanned heads, following the plow and harrow, and handling the hoe and rake, or, along the railway lines, loading and unloading freight, wooding up the engine, etc., was a little galling to the sensitiveness of our ladies, who could hardly be persuaded that this was woman's proper sphere.

Smolensk is a large and ancient city, situated in and on both sides of the valley of the Dnieper, which is here a small, sluggish stream about the size of the Naugatuck at home. Upon the hill at the left is the Kremlin, surrounded by an ancient-looking wall, which has been torn down at various points along its course, and is at present inadequate for defense. A large, white Cathedral, with its pagoda-shaped domes, is a prominent object upon the summit of the hill within the citadel, and can be seen from the cars in passing through the town. At Brest we strike a line of railway which, from its excellence and nearness in approach to our first-class railways in America, merits a word of notice. The embankment is some fifty or seventy-five feet wide, and whether in town, prairie, or forest, is turfed on edges and either side. Upon the top, upon a road-bed rising about one foot from the graded bank, is laid the permanent way, a single line of steel rail, upon which the cars roll as smoothly and evenly as upon our own best roads. The speed attained is about one verst per minute, or forty-five English miles per hour. The road-bed is kept evenly lined up, and is as smooth and free from weeds the entire distance as a garden walk. The manner of running the trains

differs somewhat from ours. The time of starting is given by the station-master, by three strokes upon a bell with which every station is provided, when the guard blows a little whistle worn suspended from his neck, which is the signal for the moving of the train. After the train is brought into the station the conductor has no power over it, until started out by the station-master. The ride from Moscow was long and tedious, though not uncomfortable, and at twelve, midnight, we were quartered in Warsaw, at the Victoria Hotel. To the traveler there is much of interest in the Polish capital; though, being somewhat out of the line of European travel, it is not so commonly visited as the other and better-known cities of the continent. Poland, as an independent kingdom, ceased to exist in 1815, when it was divided up between the border countries of Russia, Austria, and Prussia; Russia, of course, taking the lion's share. Warsaw, as the capital, was made the residence of the Russian Viceroy, which is as it is to-day.

In 1830 the proud spirit of the Poles incited them to revolution, with the hope of again regaining their independence as a nation, which hope was never realized. And again, contemporary with our civil war, was an insurrection, which was quelled by the stronger powers, lasting the same time as our own rebellion in the States, namely, four years. It is probably the last time the people will rise in revolution; for, proud in spirit though they are, they have learned wisdom by experience, and will never again attempt what they know they cannot accomplish,—the regaining of their independence as a nation. Warsaw is a handsome city, situated upon a hillside, having a gentle slope to the Vistula, which passes by the town. This river is about the size of the Connecticut, and empties into the Baltic Sea at Danzig. Upon the opposite side is Prague, celebrated in history for its battle-ground, where, in 1800, was fought

the battle between the Russians and the Poles. It is connected with Warsaw by an iron bridge nearly two thousand feet in length, and supported by five heavy-cut granite piers. It is said to be one of the finest structures of the kind on the continent. The streets of Warsaw are wide and well paved with iron, with asphaltum, and with stone. The public buildings are not numerous, but one and all have some connection with the political history of the kingdom. There is but one Greek church in the vicinity, and that is in Prague, its gilded dome rising up conspicuously as you approach to cross the river. The religion of Poland is mostly Protestant (Lutheran) and Catholic. We visited the Catholic Cathedral, a building over four hundred years old, and noted as the place where, in the revolution of 1861, the Russian Viceroy shut up over two hundred men, women, and children, and kept them without food or water for over thirty hours. The wife of the Viceroy was in the church, but escaped, by a secret passage, to the castle.

There are in the city multitudes of little parks or gardens, and directly in the center a beautiful park, called the Saxon Garden, having been originally founded by the King of Saxony. It is some three miles in extent, is planted with lindens, and is a favorite promenade with the people. But the beauty and pride of Warsaw is the Lazienski Park, a beautiful place just outside of the city. It is some ten miles in extent, and contains, in its center, a small lake. In the lake is an island, and upon the island is a small but very beautiful and elaborately-furnished palace, which was built, in 1325, for Lazienski, one of the old Polish kings. It is kept in good order, and seems to-day as bright and fresh as it was four hundred years ago. It is adorned with valuable pictures and statuary, and the views from its windows off the little lake and the beautiful gardens by which it is surrounded, render it one of the most attractive suburban re-

treats imaginable. A curious feature in connection with the palace and environs is a theater erected upon the mainland in the gardens near the palace, while on a small island in the lake, and adjacent thereto, is the stage, built to represent an ancient Roman ruin; between the stage and the audience flow the waters of the lake, and boats pass and re-pass before the assembly while the play goes on,—a novel and curious combination of the artificial with the real. In front of the palace is a *parterre* which is adorned with statuary and flowers. At the time of our visit the air was redolent with the perfume of the linden blossoms. This, the beautiful lake and the miniature palace, all combined to make it seem like a fairy paradise. We had not expected to find anything like this in Warsaw, and the pleasure experienced was the more complete.

In connection with the Saxon gardens there is a large pavilion, which is supplied with pure mineral water obtained from the various springs throughout Europe, and dispensed here to any who may bring a physician's certificate to the fact of their need of it. It is under the direction of the government, and there is no charge made for it,—the rich and poor can come and obtain it without money and without price. We were shown several localities in the city famous from their connection with the revolution of 1861. Upon an eminence near the citadel, and now occupied by soldiers' barracks, was shown the spot where two hundred Poles were executed upon the gallows. Among the condemned was a young and very beautiful girl, who, when her turn came, was led upon the scaffold. The noose was adjusted, and as the drop was about to fall, a messenger on horseback galloped up, with a pardon from the Emperor. (Another moment and she would have been sent into eternity.) She is now alive and well, and resides in the neighborhood of Warsaw. Another spot is in the street, near the Church of

the Holy Cross, where, as the Russian Viceroy was riding along, he was fired at from a window of a house opposite. The ball missed its mark, and, for revenge, the Viceroy ordered the whole contents of the house (a large, five-story block of dwellings) to be emptied into the street and burned, which was done. Facing the spot is the bronze statue of the astronomer Copernicus, erected by the people of Warsaw to his memory. Copernicus was a Pole, and his name is held by his countrymen in great reverence. Our guide has been an English-speaking Pole from the Hotel d' Europe, and is the most enthusiastic man, in his capacity, we have ever met. In this respect he excels the guide of Mark Twain in Genoa and Rome, spoken of in his "Innocents Abroad." "Vat you dinks of *dis*, madame," or "How you likes *dat*, saar," was always his enthusiastic inquiry, as he presented something "fresh" for our notice and admiration. "Have you seen anytings so fine as *dis*?" or, "Dere is *nod-inks* in der vole vorld so wonderful as *dat*!" was always the first exclamation when we paused at any new place of interest, or were brought to a locality we had not previously visited, until we almost believed the attractions of the whole world to be located in Europe, Europe to be centered in Warsaw, and, finally, Warsaw to be concentrated in him. His enthusiasm was equaled, however, by what we in Connecticut would term his "*cheek*." With the utmost suavity and politeness of manner he would demand of us kopeks, to be given, for this or that reason, to every man who stood in *our* path, and when, finally, for a day's service he charged us *seven* roubles (the usual charge in Russia is from *three* to *four*), we came to the conclusion he was the most civil *robber* we ever knew. Said he, when he left us at the *Vienna* station, "My name is Wallace McMahon; if it comes in *your* way, please recommend me." We said we should

do so, and we here heartily give him this free recommendation to any of our friends who may be in want of his services.

From Warsaw we came to Vienna ; distance about four hundred miles, and time eighteen hours. Until we reached the frontier at Granica, where the road joins the main line from Cracow, the country wore the same sterile and desolate appearance which it presented to us before we reached Smolensk, *en route* to Warsaw. But as we entered Austria the landscape gradually underwent a change,— hills rose from the horizon, and thrifty villages and populous towns, whose smoking chimneys and well-built factory buildings attested the existence of manufacturing industries,— proclaimed to us the nature of the change that had taken place. The soil was better tilled than in Russia (the grain cultivated being chiefly rye and oats), until, as we neared Vienna, the whole country became one immense garden, teeming with luxuriant crops,— first, rye and oats, standing in extended plains on both sides the railway, and then, as we came southward, the same grain ripe and being cut, with the addition of wheat and corn, which are not grown in the higher latitude, all giving evidence that this year, at least, there will be no famine in Austria. For a hundred miles north of Vienna the country is one immense grain field ; as far as the eye can reach, upon each side of the railway, stands the yellow rye, either in the field, or cut and stacked ready for thrashing, a sight which would well re-pay our New England farmers to see. From two o'clock until five we feasted our eyes on these splendid crops, and then, upon the south horizon, rose up minarets and spires, and crossing the Danube we entered the Austrian capital.

LETTER XIII.

Vienna — The Empire of Austria — Architecture of Vienna — Its noted Streets and Buildings — The Exposition of '73 — Churches and Palaces — The Treasury — Picture Galleries — Arsenal — Shops and Merchandise — Concert and Beer Gardens — Kahlenberg — Fruit in Vienna.

“VIENNA, the beautiful!” says the author of a recent work descriptive of the various continental cities. Vienna, the magnificent! would have been more comprehensive, and, perhaps, more apt and appropriate. Surely there is no city in the world that can vie with her in the possession of the various characteristics which go to make up our understanding of the word magnificent. In beauty of location, in the elegance and harmony displayed in the architecture of her buildings, in the grandeur of her public edifices, in the laying out of her streets and gardens,—in these respects she is metropolitan. In the essentials of what we call beauty she may be excelled by Paris, but in some points she differs from the French capital, and hence may perhaps more appropriately be termed “the magnificent.” Though in Paris there may be more of what we term taste and stylishness, yet, where the people make a business of pleasure and cultivate it until it almost becomes an art, it is difficult to draw comparisons, or exactly to determine where to fix the lines. Each one has different characteristics, and each stands first in its own peculiar line. The empire of Austria is one of the largest and most important of all the European powers. The seventeen states which comprise it compose a greater portion of the conti-

nent than belongs to any other single power, excepting Russia. Her total area of territory is about twice the size of Great Britain and Ireland, or one-third more than our own Eastern and Middle States together. The history of Austria possesses considerable interest because of the circumstances under which, at different times, she obtained her position among the nations. She derived her origin from Rudolph, Count of Hapsburg, in Switzerland, an able and powerful prince, who, in 1273, ascended the Imperial throne. The marriage of Maximilian, son of the Emperor Frederick III, with the daughter of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, brought to Austria an accession of influence and wealth. It was further increased by the marriage, in 1521, of Frederick I with Anne, sister of Louis, king of Hungary and Bohemia. In 1740 the male line of the House of Austria terminated by the death of the Emperor, Charles VI; but his daughter, Maria Theresa, married to Francis of Lorraine, Grand Duke of Tuscany, succeeded to his dominions, and, finally, to the Imperial crown. Her son, Joseph II, succeeded her, instituted govermental reform, and added territory to the empire. From this time the country was ruled by several monarchs until 1848, when Francis Joseph, the present emperor, ascended the throne.

Vienna, the capital, is situated on the south bank of the Danube, here about the size of the Connecticut at Saybrook, and contains to-day a population of nearly a million souls. It is the wealthy capital of a wealthy power; having more wealth than any city in Europe, except London. The number of the nobility who reside here is large, comprising some two hundred families of princes, counts, and barons, who are said to spend annually from fifty thousand to two hundred thousand dollars each. They all have splendid residences, which, of course, adds much to the magnificence and attractiveness of the city.

The first thing that engages the attention of a stranger on entering Vienna, is the size, symmetrical proportions, and beauty of architecture of the buildings, and next the width and cleanliness of the streets and thoroughfares. Paris possesses one advantage over Vienna, and that is in her possession of stone for building material; otherwise Vienna is nearly her equal. In most cases the material here used is brick, finished with yellow stucco, but the style of architecture is almost up to that of Paris. One is astonished, in passing through the streets, especially in the neighborhood of the Ring Strasse, to see so many splendid buildings as exist already, or are springing up on either hand. There are now in process of erection buildings as follows: the University of Vienna, the City Hall, the House of Parliament, two new Museums, the Imperial Theatre, and the new Barracks, a fine brick structure, capable of containing and providing for two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, with all their arms, equipments, and munitions of war. This last is now complete. Of the buildings already standing, the Grand Opera House, the Comic Opera House (owner failed and house closed), the Hotel de France, Hotel Austria, Hotel Metropole, and others, are noticeable for their size and beauty. This last (the hotel at which we are stopping) was built to anticipate the rush consequent on the Exposition, and is as fine a hotel as there is upon the continent. It is situated upon the Ring Strasse, directly fronting the Danube, and also the landing of the steamers which ply up and down the river. It is five stories high, and has four hundred finely-furnished rooms; a cafe and a garden connected with the house are located directly opposite.

The streets of Vienna are broad, paved with the Belgian pavement, and are kept neat and clean. There are many fine boulevards in Vienna. That called the Prater Strasse, upon which the Exposition buildings are located, is among

the chief. Starting out from the neighborhood of the North-western depot, it divides the magnificent Prater Park in twain, extending through its entire length from west to east, a distance of between two and three miles. It is lined upon either side with fine trees, and is to Vienna what the Bois de Boulogne is to Paris. Upon the north side of this avenue, and within the grounds of the park, stand the buildings in which were held the great Fair or Exposition of 1873. Some of the smaller buildings have been torn down, but the grand rotunda, with its wings and connecting halls, still remains. Its immense dome, surmounted with the Imperial crown, and rising some three hundred and fifty feet from the ground, is the first object seen in approaching the city. It is entirely empty, but preparations are being made to open the building as a permanent exhibition hall in a short time. The grounds in front of the building are tastefully laid out, and kept in perfect order; they are extensive, and appear like the grounds of a palace. The approaches to the building are through large archways of wood, carved in fancy lattice work and varnished with shellac to protect them from the weather. These are covered with creeping vines, as are also the long, covered passageways that lead up to the wings of the building. These passages are simply long roofs, supported by pillars around which twine these vines (apparently our common bittersweet), giving a pleasing and beautiful effect. In the grounds still stand the buildings of the official bureau, the hall of fine arts, the pavilion of the Turkish Sultan, the house of the Viceroy of Egypt, the Russian pavilion, and a few minor buildings in the neighborhood. Behind the main edifice stands the great machinery hall, a structure extending the length of the great building itself. These, and the pavilion of the Emperor in front of the grounds, are all that remain, the others having been demolished or taken

away. The Exposition was to the Viennese a pecuniary loss; it cost them eighteen millions of florins, and their income was three,—a deficit of fifteen millions in their treasury. Had they realized their expectations, the Vienna Exposition would have occupied the first place in the history of the exhibitions of the world; as it is, this honor belongs to Paris.

At Hietzing, just outside the city of Vienna, stands the Imperial palace of Schönbrunn, or "beautiful fountain," famous for its beautiful location and the handsome park by which it is surrounded. The rooms of the palace are magnificently decorated in white and gold. It was the favorite residence of Maria Theresa, and many of the chambers remain just as they were at the time of her death. The apartments of the present Emperor and Empress are *one at each end of the palace*. They live apart, and are never seen together except on state occasions. Behind the palace, and upon an elevation, reminding us of the residence and grounds of our townsmen, Charles Benedict, Esq., stands the "Gloriette," so called, a series of twelve arches supporting a platform, from the summit of which is a magnificent prospect. It was built for the purpose by Maria Theresa, who also constructed the palace. The grounds are magnificent. They cover many acres, and, especially on Sundays and holidays, are thronged with people from the city. Admission is free to all.

The churches in Vienna are not numerous. Two or three only are of special interest. The Gothic church of St. Stephen, with its tower and beautiful spire four hundred and forty-five feet high, is one of the finest churches on the continent. Its roof is slated with colored tiles, and it is covered with carvings and elaborate ornamentation. It contains the cenotaph of Rudolph IV, the oldest piece of mediaeval sculpture in Vienna. It is elaborately carved,

but has been much damaged and disfigured. Interesting, as connected with the history of Austria and her rulers, is the Church of the Capucines, begun by the Empress Anna in 1619, and finished in 1632. In its crypt repose the remains of the Imperial family deceased to this date. Before burial they were disemboweled, and their bowels buried in St. Stephen's, while their bodies repose here. Our guide among the coffins was a monk from an adjoining convent. Prominent in the center of the crypt is the magnificent sarcophagus of Maria Theresa. It was prepared by her own orders before her death. Its cost was a half million of florins. Here, in a simple copper coffin, with only a raised cross upon it, lies the only son of the great Napoleon, the only prince (except Napoleon III) of that dynasty, and his son Eugene, born under the Imperial purple. The coffin of the Emperor Joseph I is of pure silver, the others of bronze. Apart by itself stands the coffin of Maximilian. Upon the lid are three memorial emblems, one at the head, a silver wreath sent from Mexico, another on the breast, and a third, a beautiful device of silver, at the foot, the gift of one who desired to remain unknown. There are over thirty coffins in the crypt, all containing the remains of royalty. (One day in the palace, the next in the tomb.)

In the Imperial Treasury are articles rare and beautiful, and of fabulous value: the diamond lost in battle by Charles the Bold, and found by a Swiss soldier, who sold it for two dollars and a half,—it weighs one hundred and thirty-three carats,—also a magnificent emerald weighing twenty-nine hundred and eighty carats, besides other jewels and relics of rare worth,—the most immense royal monopoly that exists in the world. Is it *right* that this should be, while so many of God's children are suffering and in need?

In the upper part of the new town, and nearly opposite the arsenal, is the Belvedere or Imperial gallery of paintings,

the second in rank in Germany. It contains pictures of the Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Flemish, and German schools, also a collection of modern pictures which are fine. The artists are Rubens, Titian, Paul Veronese, Guido Reni, Vandyke, Raphael, and others. Two pictures by Belthasar Dormar are very remarkable. They represent the heads of an old man and an old woman, the wrinkles, hair and features being so exactly represented as to cheat the beholder, on close observation even, into the belief that he is looking through the glass upon life itself. They are of life size. There are about two thousand pictures in the whole collection. In the rear of the gallery is a fine terrace, from whence a view may be had of the city. Besides this gallery there are many private collections belonging to the nobility, which may be seen on application. Taken as a whole, the pictures of Vienna equal, in number and value, those of any city in the world. Prince Esterhazy's summer residence contains the finest collection of Spanish paintings which exists out of Spain.

We paid a visit to the Imperial arsenal, a splendid brick structure, which contains within its walls fortified barracks capable of holding ten thousand men. Passing from the court, one pauses inside the hall to examine the splendid statues in marble of fifty-six Austrian heroes and eminent men, which are clustered around the pillars supporting the ceiling. Each figure is a magnificent piece of sculpture, the minutest detail in features or dress being represented with wonderful exactness. Each of the fifty-six figures is perfect. They have all been executed within the last twenty years, and are the finest specimens of the sculptor's art we have yet beheld. Ascending the marble stairs to the upper halls, we are startled by the exquisite battle pictures painted upon the walls and ceiling of the corridors, by a Venetian artist, Carl Blass. They were finished in 1868, and are mas-

terpieces of the painter's art. We have been pleasantly surprised, while visiting the curiosities of Vienna, at the courtesy with which we have been received in all places, in comparison with other cities. Here we have wandered through the churches, picture galleries, etc., and have not, save in a few proper instances, been asked to pay a single kreutzer; while, up to date, there has nothing been seen which has not demanded the loosening of our purse strings, and liberal disbursements for the privilege. We have been favored with the services of a most excellent guide, which may, in a measure, account for it. His name is Ferdinand Sussenbrook, and he may be found at the Hotel Metropole, by any who may visit Vienna and be in need of his services.

The shops of Vienna are numerous, and goods of all kinds may be bought comparatively cheap. Articles peculiar to Vienna are those in Russia leather, Bohemian glass, meerschaums and pipes, and all kinds of amber work, beads, jewelry, etc. Elegant sets of amber jewelry,—necklace, bracelets, pin, and ear-rings,—may be purchased for from one hundred to a hundred and fifty florins (fifty to seventy-five dollars), that would cost more than double the money in the States. The shop-keepers are polite and attentive, and at all the first-class stores the prices are fixed, and no advantage is taken of the stranger, as in other cities on the continent. The house of J. Wiedman, 49 Mariahilferstrasse, is the place to purchase Russia leather goods of all kinds. They are manufacturers; their stock is excellent, and their prices low, and whether you expend one florin or a hundred, they are equally attentive and polite. For amber goods, go to Ludwig, Harteman, & Eidams, 6 Magdelenestrasse, where their splendid and immense stock is a feast for the eyes.

The Viennese are the most music-loving people on the face of the globe. To be a good musician is the hight of their ambition, though I cannot say, as a writer whose views

are expressed upon the subject, does, "That in other respects they are blockheads." There are in the city many singing cafes and concert gardens, where music is rendered every evening to the people who assemble for the purpose of hearing it, and drinking the beer for which Vienna is so famous. Among the principal gardens are the "Volks Garden," near the Imperial Palace, on the Ring Strasse, and the "Neue Welde," at Hietzing, near the palace of Schönbrunn. The latter is an immense park, containing pavilions and band stands, with table accommodations for twenty thousand people. We have had the pleasure of hearing Strauss' celebrated band, led by Edward Strauss, at both these places. Johann Strauss has given up active service, and devotes himself entirely to composition. Notwithstanding the fact that the Viennese are noted as beer drinkers, there is no drunkenness or disorder prevalent whatever. Men, women, and children, of all classes in society, assemble in the gardens, drink their beer, and are happy. Had we, in the States, a beverage like this Vienna beer it would be the strongest agent for temperance reform that could be instituted. It is a practical fact that cannot be disputed. For five cents is dispensed a good, generous pint of this amber-colored fluid, which is taken by all, with a relish and a gusto that must be witnessed to be appreciated. There is the same order in these beer gardens that there is in a first-class ice-cream saloon at home; and the wife or daughter of the citizen can come and partake of their beer, and retire, in the same manner as an American lady may partake of a glass of soda water or ice-cream in the States. *We have tried it, and we know.*

Walking out upon the streets of Vienna one is struck with the general good appearance of the people. In an hour's walk one will scarcely meet a person whom, if looks are any criterion, he would not be willing to recognize. As a

people they are well dressed and attractive, and would generally find favor anywhere. Sunday is, as in the case of most of the old European cities, a holiday,—people assemble in the gardens, listen to the music, or promenade the parks, and are happy. The stores are usually open in the morning and evening. We spent Sunday in Vienna, and, as the result of our observation, would say that of the many thousand people who were abroad, upon the sidewalks, in the street cars, and in the parks and beer gardens, we did not witness a single instance of the violation of the strictest rules of propriety or of decency whatever. It was a magnificent day, and the whole population seemed to have turned out of doors, and yet there was the same quiet, and regard to order, as in any of our New England villages on Sunday afternoon,—much more so than in many localities in Waterbury.

A bit of romance is connected with the Volks' Garden, on the Ring Strasse. While seated at our own table, listening to the music from Strauss' splendid band, there came to us a lady with flowers. Laying one before each of us, she passed on. "When she returns, give her ten kreutzers," said our guide. Her story is this: She is an Italian; was married, and living in Italy. Deserted by her husband, and hearing he was in Austria, accompanied by her child she came to Vienna in search of him. Unsuccessful in her endeavors, a stranger in a strange country, without money or friends, her case was a hard one. By chance she met an Austrian officer, who, while in Italy, was wounded, and had been nursed and secretly concealed by her in her father's house until his recovery. She told him her story, and he applied to the proprietor of the garden for permission for her to sell flowers. (The sale of flowers is not allowed in any of the beer gardens in Vienna.) It was granted, and every night this beautiful Italian appears in the gardens with her basket of flowers, from the sale of which (for many know

her story) she derives a handsome support. She will never return to Italy.

Upon the south bank of the Danube, some five miles from the city, is the abrupt termination of a chain of mountains coming up from Lower Austria. Two peaks lift themselves up from the plain to an altitude of some two thousand feet. The first is called Leopoldsberg, and has upon its summit a convent; the second, lying directly back, has a hotel upon the crown, and is called Kahlenberg, from the terrace and piazzas of which is had a magnificent prospect, as from Holyoke in Massachusetts. By steamer upon the Danube to Leopoldsberg, thence by railway to the summit, and thence, by mountain path, to Kahlenberg and the hotel. Stood you ever upon the summit of Mount Washington, and, facing the southwest, beheld you the lesser peaks of the White Mountain range before you, while away in the distance rose up the tops of the Franconia, and beyond, other mountain summits, like the huge waves of some great, blue, billowy sea? Such was the view we beheld when we stood, one day, upon Kahlenberg. At our feet flowed the Danube; to the south, overhung with a curtain of haze, lay Vienna, the gilded crown upon the dome of the Exhibition Building marking its locality; beyond rose the Hungarian mountains, and, stretching to the south and west, the mountains of Bavaria, and the lofty Steinbergen as the background in the distance. Thrifty vineyards covered the sides of Kahlenberg from summit to the river, and from our lofty eyrie we could overlook them all. The visitor to Vienna should not fail to make this excursion; it is the pleasantest in the vicinity.

We are here in fruit season, and are feasting upon rare dainties,—rich golden apricots, cherries, ripe and luscious, raspberries and strawberries, pears, figs, and other fruits not grown in the States, and plenty and cheap. For thirty kreut-

zers (fifteen cents) I purchased all the cherries and apricots I cared to carry from the fruit stand to the hotel. The fruit is grown up the valley of the Danube, and brought down the river in boats to Vienna. Twelve boat loads opposite our window, on the river, to-day, and more arriving. I wish I might send to our friends in the States. To-day we received letters and papers from home,—the first papers since our passing into Russia. (No papers are allowed to pass through the Russian mails unless for some ambassador, or in fulfillment of subscription made through some Russian post-office.) To-morrow we leave for Munich, and thence to Venice and Italy.

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LETTER XIV.

From Vienna to Munich — Scenery on the Danube — Custom House Annoyances — Munich — Characteristics of the City — Museums, Picture Galleries, and Palaces — The Bronze Foundry — Statue of Bavaria — Churches — Public Gardens — Specialties of Munich — Departure for Venice.

WE came to Munich *via* Linz and Simback; distance from Vienna about three hundred miles, and time twelve hours. It had been hot and dry, and as we left Vienna and passed out into the country the shower we experienced was refreshing. Not like the country east of Vienna is that toward Munich. On the right rise the beautiful Weise mountains, and on the left are hills and valleys,—the former covered to their summits with trees, and in the latter the pretty residences of the better class of Viennese, who prefer the pure, fresh air of the mountains to the heat and dust of the city, and they are not compelled to go far to gratify their tastes. These beautiful intervals of hill and valley, forest and plain, continue all the way from Vienna to Linz. At Moltke the railway comes out upon the bank of the Danube, whose course it follows until it reaches Linz, the scenery being much the same as that from Hartford to Springfield, on our own beautiful Connecticut, except, perhaps, that the Danube valley is not as wide as that of the latter, while the mountains are more numerous, and in some cases quite high. The scenery on the Danube from Vienna to Linz is thought by many to equal that of the Rhine. Indeed, it has been called the "Austrian Rhine;" yet its nature is so different it is entitled to a distinct and

prominent place among the attractions of the continent. Our intention was to pass from Vienna to Linz by boat, and thence to Munich by rail, but the time occupied by the voyage was too great, and we were forced to go all rail in consequence. The volume and fall of the Danube is very great, and as a consequence the current is strong. Steamers require twenty-nine hours to ascend the river, while the reverse passage occupies but nine. The river is poetically called "The *blue* Danube." The *gray* Danube would have been better; for the soil brought down from the mountains, among which it rises, and which is thickly mingled with it, gives it a dirty, gray color, which has in it anything but poetry or sentiment.

At Simback is the Bavarian frontier, where all baggage is taken from the train and examined before crossing the line. Not a little provoking was it to be roused from our sleep, at two o'clock at night, to follow our baggage into the depot, and witness its overhauling by the inexorable customs employes, and yet we were as well off as the rest. This is one of the greatest annoyances to which the traveler in Europe is subjected. Every province and principality, from the empire to the little state or kingdom, exercises the privilege of home protection, and whether the territory be in extent like that of Russia, or that of Bavaria, there are houses of custom upon the frontier, and the traveler who crosses is compelled to submit to the enforcement of their laws. We reached Munich at early morning, and made our quarters at the Four Seasons Hotel. This is one of the best hotels in Europe; an elegant building, which was erected for the purpose by express order of the King of Bavaria. It is located on the "Maximilian Strasse," one of the principal and pleasantest streets in the city. Munich, the capital of Bavaria, is located on the west bank of the river Iser, an affluent of the Danube, and possesses a population of about two

hundred thousand souls. It appeared to us, as we entered its precincts, in the early morning, before the people were astir, as a quaint, curious city, half ancient and half modern, and wearing an aspect belonging entirely to itself. Many of the buildings are old in style, with tiled roofs and dormer windows, and contrast singularly with the architecture of those of a more modern date, among which they are located. In education, and the cultivation of the fine arts, Munich ranks prominent among the cities of the continent; but beyond these, save in a few special instances, it has but little of which to boast. Her manufactures are connected chiefly with the ornamental art, in two branches of which (glass painting and bronze casting) she stands unrivaled in the world.

Whoever comes to Munich and expects to find a gay, bustling city, like others on the continent,—Berlin, Dresden, or Vienna,—will be disappointed. He who comes in search of the beautiful, as expressed in artists' works,—who seeks in the realization of the true ideal to find it in its purest and highest sense,—will be most amply repaid; it is here in rich and full profusion. Munich is no place for the superficialist, or for him who comes expecting to find her beauty emblazoned upon her surface. One must make intimate acquaintance with her,—must explore her halls, and visit her galleries,—and his reward will be pleasing as it is unexpected, and as rich as it is abundant and free. The poet or philosopher, the artist or thinker, can find in Munich abundant food for all their desires; here their most earnest longings can be fully gratified. The style of architecture of her buildings is not complex, but it is in good taste and substantial. Her churches are few, but in real artistic merit they surpass many we have seen in other cities larger and more pretentious. In all her public edifices there is a certain completeness of style, and perfectness of adaptation, in conformity to

the law of a true and perfect harmony. To a stranger, her picture galleries, and artists' works, in bronze and in marble, are her chief attractions. Located upon the Konigsplatz, or King's Place, are two of the finest institutions in the city, one on either hand. Upon the left, the "Glyptothek," so called, or hall of sculpture, and on the right, the "Kunstausstellungsgebænde" (how is that for a sample of German orthography), or "art exhibition," while between the two, at the entrance to the "Briener Strasse," stands the "Konigs Thor," or "King's Gate," a chaste and elegant structure, modeled from the "Propyleum" at Athens.

The Glyptothek, one of the most chaste and beautiful buildings in Munich, contains rare and beautiful specimens of sculpture, both ancient and modern, from the dawning of the art in Egypt until the present time. Here are the marbles from the temple of Jupiter Egina,—the most splendid ancient sculptures that are in existence,—works of the school of Phidias, and the chisel of Scopas and Praxitiles, and the modern school represented by Canova, Thorwaldsen, and other artists of like eminence and merit. The art palace, or building with the unpronounceable name, contains Greek and Roman bronzes, terra-cottas, and Egyptian antiquities and paintings, all of greater or less merit. In the neighborhood stands the Polytechneum, where the theory of architecture and engineering is thoroughly taught. Near this, again, is the old Pinacothek, and, in close proximity, the new Pinacothek, one containing pictures by the old masters, and the other, pictures by the new. The new gallery is a complete treasure-house of the works of modern art. The pictures are numerous; are admirably arranged to get the best possible effect of light and shade; are well chosen in respect to variety and style of subject; are splendidly executed, and, finally, it was the only place in our experience where a catalogue was of the least service. In other galleries a cata-

logue has been useless; here it was as good as a guide. Pictures by Kaulback, Reidel, Overbeck, and others of equal note, are prominent. At the end of the main hall is a saloon where are arrayed, in a manner peculiarly adapted to the obtaining of the best effect of light and shade, twenty-three splendid landscapes in Greece, painted from nature, by Rottman, the court painter, by order of King Louis I. They are a collection by themselves.

Exceeding, in the variety of its collection, and the manner of arrangement of the objects on exhibition, any museum we have seen, is the National Museum at Munich. Here are instruments of torture from the Spanish Inquisition; all kinds of arms and armor, and munitions of war; antiquities of every kind; curious things of every sort, made from all kinds of material,—gold, silver, brass, iron, ivory, amber, shell, and stone; dresses of every rank of every nation; laces and embroideries; porcelains, dishes, cups and vases; relics from the old baronial castles; in many instances the carvings which graced the walls being transferred entire, with the odd and quaint-looking furniture that accompanied them. But the chief glory of the museum is the collection of magnificent frescoes, and hangings of tapestry, that in great profusion adorn the walls. The whole history of Bavaria, both civil and military, is given in the most magnificent frescoes we have ever seen. From saloon to saloon they cover the walls with their splendid embellishment, until one wearies in beholding them. One hundred years ago a manufactory of tapestry existed in Munich; the last piece of work ever made there is shown in the museum,—a curious and singular representation of all the oldest and most hideous-looking animals and reptiles that one could imagine grouped together; and in the next room, for contrast, a beautiful specimen presented by the Emperor Napoleon, from the Gobelin works near Paris,—both pieces are ele-

gant. There are other curious things worth notice, but we cannot make mention of all.

Next was the king's palace. The old part is only shown, the new being kept, as are some of our New England factories, "strictly private," the king not allowing it to be visited. King Ludwig III, the present monarch, is a curious and eccentric personage, selfishness being his chief characteristic. Fond of music, he will, on hearing any particular opera which pleases him, order the company to the theater, and with himself as the sole audience, have the piece rendered with the same degree of minuteness, and detail in costume and rendering, as though there were thousands present. A story is here current, that on the occasion of a recent fire, which devastated a small town in the upper part of the kingdom, rendering many people homeless and penniless, he forwarded to them the munificent sum of five hundred florins (about two hundred dollars), to be expended for their benefit, and then paid sixteen thousand florins for having some specially-pleasing opera put upon the stage for his own special pleasure. He is allowed an annuity of eight thousand florins, over and above his regular income, from the royal treasury, to be expended for music alone.

To us the greatest curiosities of this palace were the Kaiserzimmer, so called, or the apartments of Charles VII, and the Salle du Trone, or throne room. The former shows in what luxury the ancient rulers of Bavaria lived. In the bed-chamber the curtains and bed-coverings are worked in solid gold embroidery, on crimson velvet, and cost eight hundred thousand florins in money, and the unintermittent labor of forty persons for fifteen years. The throne room is a magnificent apartment, decorated in a style simple but elegant. Twenty massive columns support the ceiling upon either side, and between the columns stand colossal bronze statues of Bavarian princes, from Otho the Illustrious, to

Charles XII, of Sweden. Each statue is overlaid with gold, five hundred ducats to a statue. In the palace is also an apartment (or apartments, rather, for there are two of them) called the Saloon of Beauty. They contain a collection of thirty-six portraits, from life, of the handsomest women that ever lived or are still living in Munich. They were painted by order of the king, and the collection is the most unique of its kind in existence. In social position they rank from a shoemaker's daughter to a queen on the throne. The famous Lola Montez was here, but, for obvious reasons, her portrait was removed to the Imperial Gallery, where it can be seen on payment of an extra fee.

The royal bronze foundry is an object of interest. Here are cast colossal statues and figures in bronze, which are celebrated throughout the world. We saw the models from which were cast many of the bronze figures which adorn the cities in the States,—the colossal equestrian statue of Washington at Richmond; the models in process for the construction of the Davidson Fountain, to be erected in Cincinnati; the statue of Edward Everett in Boston; the bronze doors of the capitol at Washington, besides others in various parts of Europe and South America. As Munich is headquarters for work of this kind, of course bronze statues abound all over the city. Almost every great man Bavaria ever knew is memorialized by a statue erected in one part of the city or another. King or prince, poet or statesman, his counterpart in bronze is before the eyes of the people, a continual remembrance from generation to generation. The greatest monument, and, probably, the finest of its kind in the world, is the colossal statue of Bavaria, erected upon an eminence in the Theresian meadows just west of the city. It faces the city, and is partly surrounded by a colonnade of granite. Though we had heard of this famous statue, we were not prepared to comprehend

its beauty or its immeuse size. Its granite pedestal is thirty feet high, and, on the top, stands the statue, rising sixty-six feet into the air, a total from the ground of nearly one hundred feet. Inside the statue is a flight of stairs by which one can ascend to the head, where are comfortable quarters for eight persons, seats being provided for four in each cheek. The view over the city, through the eyes of the statue, is very fine. The following are some of its dimensions : Length of the arm twenty-four and three-fourths feet; length of nose two feet; width of mouth fifteen inches; width of eyes eleven inches; weight seventy-eight tons. It cost ninety-seven thousand dollars.

The churches of Munich are few, and not especially remarkable. The Basilica of St. Bonifacius is of interest. It was built by King Louis, at his own expense, and contains his shrine. Sixty-six elegant marble columns support the roof and divide the church into naves. Here are beautiful frescoes, by Hess and his pupils, representing the spread of Christianity in Germany, and various episodes in the life of the saint to whom the church is dedicated. In fresco painting Munich leads the world. Black, in his Hand-Book of Southern Germany, says : "Everything in the power of brick and mortar, and of sculpture and painting, has been done in Munich to present before the eyes of the inhabitants the deeds of their forefathers. Yard after yard of frescoes, on the walls of the best edifices, relate, in beautiful coloring, the history of the land from its earliest times, while statues commemorating heroes, and triumphal arches their victories, adorn the great thoroughfares;" and so it is, and these magnificent artists' works are to the Bavarians not only, but their beauty is also before the world.

The Frauen Kirche Cathedral is an ancient-looking building, its two brick towers, three hundred and seventy feet high, showing conspicuously all over the city. It is of

brick, and over four hundred years old. Its stained glass windows are noticeable as being specimens of ancient work in that art. The finest specimens of this art are seen in the church of Mariahilf, on the east side of the river. They are, probably, the most elegant specimens of glass painting in the world. There are nineteen long windows, six on each side, and seven in the end, or the angles that form the recess behind the altar. They represent the lives of Mary and of Christ, and the pictures are surrounded with elaborate ornamentation, and elegant borders, presented in the most brilliant and splendid colors. The cost of the side windows was ten thousand florins each. They were painted at the royal establishment in Munich. We visited the establishment, and saw several fine windows in process.

Like the other continental cities, Munich has her parks and gardens. Of these, the Court Garden with its surrounding arcades, and the lovely park called the English Garden, are of interest to the sight-seer. The former is just north of the palace, and is surrounded with shops, bazaars, cafes, collections of works of art, etc. It was laid out by Maximilian I, in 1614. It contains four fountains, and in its center stands a building called the "Temple of the Fountain," surmounted by a statue of Bavaria in bronze. The chief attraction is the splendid frescoes which adorn the walls of the surrounding arcades. They are forty in number,—twelve representing the most important events in the history of the House of Wittelsbach, and twenty-eight landscapes, by Rottman, representing scenes in Italy. The English Garden is a beautiful park within the limits of the city, and is a favorite place of resort for the citizens. It contains lakes, fountains, temples, pagodas, and last, but not least, beer gardens. Canals from the Iser conduct water to all parts of the park. As in Vienna, so in Munich, the beer garden is one of the institutions of the city. The

quantity brewed and drank is incredible. The Bavarian beer is darker, and of altogether different flavor from that of Vienna, and is preferred by many to the latter. The concert gardens of Munich are numerous, and the music, especially in those of the first class, is fine. We attended a concert at the Garden National, one of the best places in the city. Gung'l was the director, and the selections given were excellent.

The specialties of Munich usually sought by the traveler, especially the American, are paintings, both on canvas and on porcelain,—the gallery of Wimmer & Co. containing a splendid assortment from the pencils of the first modern masters; photographs, and Bohemian glass ware, for which the factory of Franz Steingerwalds Neffe is famous. Our stay in Munich has been a pleasant one, and the memory of the beautiful pictures and works of art, over which we have lingered, will abide with us forever. We leave for Venice by train *via* Innspruck on the morrow.

LETTER XV.

Route from Munich — The Valley of the Tyrol — Mountain Scenery — Innspruck — Over the Alps by Railway — Verona — Scenery to Venice — Venice — Romance and Reality — The Venetian Gondola — The Grand Canal — Ponte de Rialto — Ducal Palace — Bridge of Sighs — Cathedral and Square of San Marco — Regatta on the Grand Canal — Manufactures and Merchandise of Venice — Departure for Florence.

WE left Munich for Venice *via* Rosenheim and Innspruck. From Munich to Rosenheim the road has no peculiar characteristics, but from hence to Venice it challenges continued admiration. Leaving Rosenheim, the lofty peaks of the Tyrolese Alps rise gradually from the plain, until, when the railway strikes the river Inn, and follows down its valley between the mountains, the scenery becomes beautiful beyond our previous experience. Not gradually do they seem to rise,—valley, upland, and then in the background the mountains,—not this, but directly from the beautiful green plains shoot up these magnificent peaks, and as the traveler passes up the river they rise before him, one succeeding the other in their splendid grandeur, higher, and yet higher, and more magnificent, until Innspruck is reached, and the old mountain king, "Solstein," towers beyond and above them all, eight thousand seven hundred feet above the sea. We thought, as we traversed this beautiful valley, and witnessed mountain after mountain tower up before us, each one more majestic, seemingly, than its predecessor, and watched the changing tints reflected from their sides (cultivated, many of them, from base to summit), and saw the effect of the ever-varying cloud play

around their tops,—this having been unrolled before us for miles and miles, as if it were some splendid panorama,—we thought, as we beheld the higher summits set in such bold, sharp outlines against the sky, summit after summit, and peak after peak, one no greater and the other no less, as if the Almighty had spoken and said, “Behold these emblems of my eternity, and see these symbols of my power, which I have set up!” we thought the picture complete. But when crossing the bridge at Innspruck, and standing in the depot, we gazed backwards and saw “Solstein,” and his mate hardly less high and magnificent, leap, as it were, directly from the plain to a perpendicular hight of eight thousand and five feet into the sky, its summit *one and one-half miles above our heads*, we confessed that before we, as it were, had seen nothing.

Innspruck is a beautiful town upon the river Inn, completely hemmed in with these magnificent mountains. The valley from Kuffstein (the Bavarian frontier) is exceedingly fertile, and is filled with the villages of the Tyrolese peasantry, who are the owners and tillers of the soil. But at Innspruck begins the majesty which continues in succession until Verona is reached, on the line of the railway from Milan to Venice in Italy. From Innspruck to Verona the railway (but recently put in operation) passes through the grandest scenery of it all. It crosses the Alps through what is known as “Brenner’s Pass,” at the elevation of forty-three hundred feet above the Adriatic at Venice. It is one of the finest pieces of railway engineering upon the continent. Its length from Innspruck to Botzen (Innspruck upon the Austrian, and Botzen upon the Italian side) is seventy-nine miles. Its average gradient is one foot in forty, and in twenty-two miles out from Innspruck it passes through *seventeen* tunnels, and crosses *thirteen* bridges. The work is well done and will stand for all time. Its cost was about

twelve millions of dollars. Leaving Innspruck, the train climbs the mountain, following the course of the valley of the river Sill, at a speed of about six miles per hour, passing up among the majestic peaks, whose bases are tunneled, and whose ravines are bridged, until at Brenner's Station the pass is reached, and the road descends, in like manner, to Botzen on the side toward Italy. Until the completion of the railway the pass was crossed by diligence, the road being now visible from the train the entire distance. From Botzen the road follows the valley of the Adige to Verona, where it joins the Turin line to Venice.

Verona is one of the oldest cities in Italy, and is situated on the river Adige, which flows down from the Tyrol. The river is a swift-flowing stream at Verona, about the size of the Housatonic at Derby. Here the valley stretches out into a plain, and amid vineyards and fruit trees Verona is located. There is but little here of interest: an old arena, or amphitheater, built by Diocletian, in 284, similar to the Coliseum at Rome, and, in a garden in the southern part of the town, the tomb of Juliet, the heroine of Shakespeare's well-known play.

Hence to Venice the railway passes through a plain profusely planted with trees and vines. Upon the left are the lofty peaks of the Alps, which bound the horizon, and on the right this sea of vines all the way to Venice. Nearing the city cultivation ceases, the plain becomes barren to the horizon, and then, in the distance, gleam the waters of the Adriatic, towers and spires uprise, and crossing a long granite quay or dyke, you are at once in Venice, the "City of the Sea." And what shall we say of Venice? Built upon its hundred isles, its palaces yet haunted with the memory of dukes and doges, and its prisons rising dark and gloomily from the water, their heavy gates and rusty bars proclaiming, silently, of dark deeds and hidden wickedness,

which characterized the history of the "Secret Counsel of the Ten," it stands to-day even as then. Its palaces still rise from the water, and though gray with age, they yet shine with that ancient glory with which, three hundred years ago, they were invested. One may sail upon its canals and visit its churches and its palaces, and see reflected still the grandeur of the olden time. Like romance did it seem to us, when at home we read of floating by moonlight in a gondola upon the water-ways of Venice, but the fancy is realized in the most complete degree. Paddled along the course of the Grand Canal, you pass beneath the balconies of its houses, and are carried back to the day when Venice shone in her splendor, the most magnificent city that ever rose from out the waters of the sea. Rogers, in his "Italy," thus describes her:

" There is a glorious city in the sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing ; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea
Invisible ; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city — steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream."

'Twas thus we entered Venice on Sunday morning, and were taken in a gondola from the railway station to our hotel. The gondola of Venice is a strange-looking craft, with a high, sharp prow, usually ornamented with a flat blade of steel terminating in a hatchet-shaped piece at the top. It is propelled by two oarsmen, standing, one on a platform on the stern, and the other on the prow, who use the oars with astonishing proficiency. In conformance to a law which was once enacted and still remains in force, they are usually painted black, which gives them a somber appearance, especially those which are housed over in the middle, said

housing being covered with black cloth, and having black blinds on the sides, and on the doors in the end. These look like the body of a hearse set upon a canoe, and the association, until one becomes accustomed to it, is anything but pleasant. The gondola is to Venice what the horse and carriage are to us, and plying upon her water-streets are no less than three thousand. It seems a little strange to step from the porch of your hotel into one of these boats, and be propelled to the various points of interest upon the water. To be sure there are narrow passages running all over the city, connected by stone bridges passing over the canal, to the number of over three hundred ; but the gondola is the chief medium of communication, and is most generally used. The main thoroughfare in Venice is the Grand Canal, or "Canalazzo," as it is called, which enters the city from the gulf, and passing through it like the letter S, debouches into the laguna behind it. Upon this are the houses and old palaces, many of which, though gray with age, still reflect much of that grandeur with which they were once invested. One needs acquaintance with Venice to appreciate it. At first sight one is apt to be disappointed, but this soon gives way, and one recognizes its beauty, and appreciates it as it deserves. Crossing the Grand Canal are three bridges. About midway is the famous "Ponte de Rialto," a magnificent single arch of stone, and on either side one of iron, one near the Academy of Arts, and the other near the railway station at its western end. Until the discovery, by the Portugese, at the close of the fourteenth century, of the way to the East Indies by sea, Venice ranked as the chief commercial city in the world, and, as one day we stood upon the Rialto, we thought of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," and pictured in our minds the scene where Salanio meeting Salario thus interrogates him : "What news upon the Rialto?" But Salanio is dead, the ships of the Indies come not now

to the threshold of Venice, and the commercial glory that once characterized her has forever passed away.

Situated on the Grand Canal, and the first place of interest as you come up to the city by sea, is the Ducal Palace. It is a magnificent marble edifice, whose history, associated with that of Venice, is of much interest. It is built in the Moorish-Gothic style, and dates from the fourteenth century. It is in the form of a quadrangle, inside of which is an open court. From hence goes up the Giants' Staircase, leading to the colonnade from whence go out the various entrances to the palace. It is lined with marble busts representing men famous in Venetian history. Passing up the Nobles' Staircase, we enter the Grand Council Chamber, now used as a library, whose decorations still reflect the former splendor and magnificence of the city. Hence to the Hall of Scrutiny, where were elected the forty-one nobles who afterwards nominated the Doge. Thence to the chamber of the "Council of the Three." All these remain just as they were three hundred years ago. In the lower story are the prisons of "Pozzi," where were incarcerated men for offenses either actual or imaginary, for terms of greater or less extent. We passed down the narrow passages, and were shown the dark, damp cells to which the prisoners were consigned. Without light or air they were kept for years, and sometimes upon the slightest pretext whatever. We passed inside one of these cells, the guide removing the torch to show us the effect of the utter darkness. It was appalling. Passing through a narrow door we stood upon the "Bridge of Sighs," and gazed upon the outer world through the meshes of its grated windows. Byron has immortalized it in the fourth canto of his "Childe Harolde's Pilgrimage":

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the waves her structures rise

As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles !"

Sa'd our guide, "It was called the Bridge of Sighs because the prisoner who passed from the palace to the prison beyond, never knew his fate (imprisonment or death) until he had traversed the bridge, and hence, as they thus approached their unknown fate, it caused in them an involuntary sigh." The "Carceri," or prisons beyond, are still used for the same purpose, and are not shown. Their cells contain some four hundred prisoners at the present time.

The Cathedral of St. Mark, on the Piazzetta San Marco, is a place of interest. One is a little disappointed on beholding its exterior for the first time, as it does not come up to the pictorial representations we are accustomed to see at home. It is low, and shows the effect of time upon its walls. It is only on acquaintance that its magnificence appears, and one realizes what it was in its prime. Its flowers are in mosaic, and its walls and domes are decorated with paintings. Around it, supporting its pulpits, altar rails, etc., are six hundred columns, and each column different from its neighbor. Supporting the Baldachin are four columns, two of which are alabaster, and were taken from the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem. Beneath this is the sarcophagus, which contains the ashes of St. Mark the Evangelist, and the patron saint of the city. Outside, and above the portico, are the famous bronze horses which were carried by Napoleon to Paris, and, in 1814, restored again to Venice. The Cathedral faces upon the Piazzetta, or Place of St. Mark, around which, like the Palaise Royal at Paris, are the principal stores in the city. The display, especially of jewelry

and pictures is the finest we have seen. Opposite the Cathedral is the Campanile or Bell Tower, a square brick structure, rising, like an immense chimney, some three hundred feet into the air. From a gallery which surrounds its summit is had a panorama of the city. Flanking the entrance of the Piazzetta, from the canal, are two red, granite columns, surmounted one with the winged lion of St. Mark, and the other by a statue of St. Theodore, formerly one of the patrons of the city.

The Academy of Fine Arts is on the left, approached by the Grand Canal. Its halls contain many pictures, chiefly by the Italian masters, Titian and Paul Veronese being well represented. The "Ascension of the Virgin," by Titian, is the chief masterpiece. In the arcades leading to the galleries are copies of the pictures, which are exposed for sale.

Who has not heard of the "Carnival of Venice," famous from the olden time? We witnessed a scene on Sunday, which we were told far surpassed, in excitement and novelty, this celebrated festival. It was the annual regatta held on the Grand Canal. It was a gala-day for Venice; her palaces and houses on the canal were covered with flags and streamers; the balconies were filled with fair Italians; the entire line, on both sides the canal, glittered and gleamed with that gorgeous emblazonry that can be found only in Italy, and in Italy only in Venice. The canal was black with gondolas, from the common craft propelled by one or two rowers, to the splendid boat of the wealthy citizen, decked in royal colors and magnificent housings, and driven by twelve oarsmen dressed in rich costume. Of these there were a number that attracted the attention of every one,—one a magnificent gondola trimmed in blue and gold, and its twelve oarsmen dressed to correspond. From its star-bespangled canopy fluttered blue plumes, and silk, studded with golden stars, hung in graceful festoons from its sides,

and fluttered from its gilded prow. Another was of silver, magnificently decorated, and the sheen of its oars, as they reflected the sunlight, was beautiful. Another was yellow and black; and still another of Tyrian purple, that splendid color modern art, as yet, fails to produce. The whole city had turned out upon the water to witness the race,—old man and matron, young man and maiden, noble and beggar, were here alike to witness the scene. The Rialto Bridge, near which was the judges' stand, was black with spectators, and had it not been a solid arch of stone, it could not have supported its heavy weight. Our gondoliers took up a favorable position near the judges' stand, and, amid the flashing of bright colors, and the hum of the multitude of voices, we awaited the oncoming gondolas. Like the rushing of some swift-winged bird they came, seven in number, the one which led the race being propelled by two powerful Italians, in white attire. Four silk flags were the prizes. First, a red; second, a green; third, a yellow; fourth, a blue. After the race the stage containing the band was towed up and down the canal, the occupants, from beneath their velvet canopy, discoursing music as they passed along, and then came a scene the realization of fairy land itself. Now, without constraint, the myriad gondolas moved about upon the waters,—first and foremost the splendid craft before described, and then those of less pretensions and plainer decoration,—and until the sun went down, and the moon rose clear and glorious, the gondoliers held high carnival. It was a “Carnival of Venice” upon the sea.

Of the surroundings of Venice there are one or two localities of interest. One near the city, and approached from the Quai, or by gondola, is the Public Garden. It was laid out by Napoleon, in 1807, on the site of an old convent. It is about one-quarter of a mile long by one hundred and twenty yards wide, and is planted with trees. But the

favorite spot of the Venetians is the "Lido," one of the outer islands in the bay, which has been reclaimed from the sea, and is to Venice what Coney Island is to New York. It has a magnificent bathing-place, and the steamers which hourly go down from the city are crowded with passengers.

Articles for which Venice is headquarters are pictures, stationery, Venetian glass-works, Venetian mosaic and coral, the latter article of which is abundant, and comparatively cheap. As a people the Venetians are pleasant and attractive. The ladies of Venice, especially, are the best dressed, and finest in appearance, of those in any city we have visited. Industry, however, is at a discount, the people preferring the pleasure of to-day to anything they may experience as the fruit of labor on the morrow.

Out of a population of one hundred and eighteen thousand souls there are forty thousand who are beggars. It is the first place where we have been beset by them to any great degree, and here they meet you at every turn, and in one way or another make their demands upon you. We mind our business and pay them no attention. Our hotel is a pleasant one, an old palace fronting on the water, near the entrance to the Grand Canal. Our rooms are furnished with the remains of royalty,—white, decorated with yellow and gold. Opposite our window ride at anchor two steamers of the Peninsula and Oriental Company's fleet, and the water is alive with Venetian craft. Our stay in Venice ends to-day, and we leave, at two p. m., for Florence and Rome.

LETTER XVI.

Venice to Florence — Bologna — Schools and Universities — Across the Apennines — Scenery in the Mountains — Florence — Her Artists and Artists' Works — The Duomo — Ghiberti and his Gates — Michael Angelo and his Contemporaries — Sights of Florence — En Route for Rome — The Eternal City — Its Ruins and its Churches — St. Peter's — The Vatican — The Capitol — Impressions of Rome — Departure for Naples.

WE left Venice at mid-day for Florence. The sun shone out hot and scorching, realizing to us that it was the hight of the Italian Summer. Upon the right, in the distance, loomed up the peaks of the Cenic Alps, and on the left the vine-covered plain, the same route traversed in coming from Munich. At Padua we branched off, and before sunset arrived *en route* at Bologna. This is one of the most ancient and important cities in Italy, and lies at the foot of the Apennines, over which the railway passes to Florence. In art and in literature she has borne a most conspicuous part in the world's history. In her schools were trained artists like the two Caraccis, Domenichino (considered by some the greatest painter after Raphael), Guido Reni, Guercina, Albana, and Lanfranca, and later the great artist Pasinelli, who endeavored to combine the beautiful designs of Raphael with the splendid coloring of Paul Veronese, and Carlo Cignani, who tried to unite the grace of Correggio with the science of Armibali Caracci. And in letters, her university is renowned throughout the world. The famous jurisprudence of Irnerius was taught here. Its school of medicine numbered many female doctors among

its faculty ; one, Novella d' Andrea, so beautiful that during her lectures, it is said, she hid herself behind a curtain that she might not, by her beauty, distract the attention of her pupils. It was also here that, in 1789, Galvani made his famous discovery in electric science known as galvanism.

Leaving Bologna the railway passes out by a circuitous route, and ascends the valley of the Reno river, which flows down from the Apennines, and upon which, in conjunction with the Aposa and Savena, Bologna is built. Here we began, for the first time, to see the old ruins for which Italy has so long been noted. In close proximity to the railway are the ruined arches of the "Bridge of Augustus," built by that Emperor, some eighteen hundred years ago; across the river at this point, and from henceforth these ancient ruins, from time to time, and in one form or another, present themselves, and we begin to realize what before we have but accepted from history, namely, that the works of the ancients were very great. The Reno, save in the time of the melting of the snow in the mountains, is a small stream, and when we passed, its bed was nearly dry. It is crossed and re-crossed many times by the railway, in its course over the mountains, to which its valley is the natural and practical approach. This railway compares with, if it does not exceed it in difficulty and detail of construction, the Alpine railway at Innspruck. It sunk the capital of two different corporations, and was finally finished by the Austrian government some eight years ago. The bridging and tunneling alone,—for there are many long tunnels and costly bridges,—consumed an enormous capital, to say nothing of the long lines of masonry upon which is laid the permanent way. It is truly a splendid work, and reflects credit upon its builders.

The scenery, especially in the higher passes, is superb, like that before described in connection with the Innspruck railway, except more wild and grand, and when the summit

is reached, and the descent towards Florence begins, the view, especially if beheld, as was our good fortune, in the glorious light of a full moon, is fine. With us at home the characteristics of our hills and mountains are in proportion to the elements which they go to make up, and, when expressed in language, convey to our minds the ideas relative to those elements to which they belong. For instance, a ravine implies to us a rift between the hills, grown up with bush or tree, and through which flows the mountain stream to the vale below; and when we say a gorge, the idea conveyed is that of a spaceway of some limited extent between the hills, wilder and more rugged in its nature than a ravine, and the terms connected with the hills and mountains of our own experience make the natural and consequent impression on our mind. But here in the Alps and Apennines the terms must be magnified in proper proportions to express the true fact. The ravine is magnified to a wild valley, with steep ascent and acute sloping sides, and the gorge to a vast defile between the mountains, with abrupt walls and a depth that, from the edges, seems almost measureless. This the idea of the ravines which stretch below you, and the gorges which, in their wild grandeur, are before you as you descend these mountains. In the ravines are built villages, and in the gorges are hamlets and clusters of houses set up against the solid mountain walls. For many miles succeeds this splendid scenery, until, as if weary with such vast upholding, the mountains gradually give way to the upland, and this at last to the peaceful plain below. Such the scenery from Bologna to Florence. Like all earth's grandeur it must be seen; it cannot be described.

To Florence has been awarded the title of being the fairest city of the earth; and who that has beheld it lying in the valley of the Arno, flanked on both sides by the mountains, and surrounded by beautiful, wooded hills built upon with

villas, will doubt it? As one beholds its beautiful gardens, adorned with statues, vases, and fountains, its open squares and piazzas, and visits its numerous palaces, which are filled with paintings and sculptures, he feels almost instinctively that he is in the very cradle of art, and upon the spot which has given birth to so much that is famous, both in philosophy and song. It has been immortalized by Byron, and is revered as the birthplace of men like Dante, Galileo, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Andrea del Sarto. The city is upon both banks of the Arno, and contains a population of about one hundred and fifty thousand souls. Behind it, on the right, rises an amphitheater of hills whose summits are crowned with beautiful villas overlooking the city below. Upon the left is a plain which stretches to the foot of the Apennines which bound the north horizon. The streets are well paved with large, granite blocks, and are kept scrupulously neat and clean. There are few sidewalks, the streets being usually paved close up to the foundations of the buildings, but perfect cleanliness characterizes them, and to traverse them is not unpleasant. We found its churches of special interest, connected so intimately as they are with the lives and artistic works of Michael Angelo and his contemporaries.

The "Duomo," or Cathedral, is a magnificent structure of black and white marble, whose dome surpasses in size that of St. Peter's at Rome, and after which it (St. Peter's) was modeled. As is the case with most of the Italian churches, its exterior (the facade) is unfinished. The pavement is tessellated, of red, white, and blue marble, and it is adorned with columns of the same beautiful stone. The square Campanile, or Bell Tower, which adjoins it, is a lofty structure built of the same material.

Facing the Cathedral stands the celebrated Baptistry, or "Basilica of St. John," an octagon edifice constructed of the

materials of an ancient Pagan temple erected in the seventh century. The chief attractions of the edifice are the magnificent bronze doors or-gates, known in the history of fine arts as the "Ghiberti Gates." Ghiberti was a pupil of Michael Angelo, and, at twenty-three years of age, was chosen as the artist for the construction of these doors, though artists like Brunelleschi, Iacopo della Quercia, and Simone da Colle were candidates alike for the honor. Michael Angelo said of them when he saw them, "They are worthy to be the gates of Paradise." The designs are as follows: The Creation of the World, the Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise, Noah after the Deluge, Abraham's Sacrifice, Esau selling his Birthright, Joseph and his Brethren, the Law given from Mount Sinai, the Walls of Jericho, the Battle of the Ammonites, and the Queen of Sheba before Solomon. The north door is also by Ghiberti, who expended the labor of twenty years upon it. It contains the history of Christ up to the Ascension.

The church of "Santa Croce" is a splendid edifice, and contains the tomb of Michael Angelo. The Medicean Chapel is also a magnificent structure, rich in costly stones and precious marbles, and has a splendidly frescoed dome. It contains the tombs of the Medici, each a splendid sarcophagus of porphyry, and surmounted with statues from designs by Michael Angelo. In fact, there is scarcely a church in Florence which does not contain some reminiscence of this great artist.

The Uffizi Gallery is one of the famous picture galleries of Europe. It was founded by the Medicis, and is filled with pictures and statues representing chiefly the Italian schools. In the paintings and marbles of Florence one begins to see somewhat of the wealth of art which exists in Italy, and to appreciate the extent to which it is carried, and the degree of perfection to which it has attained.

Of the fashionable resorts in Florence the Cascine and the Viale de Colli are the principal. The former is immediately on the bank of the Arno, and is a fine park with walks and drives, which are lined with trees and interspersed with statues and flowers. The drive is up one side and down the other, and after four p. m. is filled with the fashionable of the city. The life of the Florentines is one of pleasure. So long as you can support your box at the opera, and appear on the Cascine with your carriage and span, society recognizes and accepts you, asking no more; but if this is wanting, your admission to its circles is impossible. The Viale de Colli is one of the finest promenades in Europe. Crossing the Arno, you ascend by winding roads, past numerous beautiful, private villas, until a point is reached where is obtained the most magnificent view imaginable. Florence lies at your feet, ancient palaces and historical villas crown the neighboring hills, and beyond is the chain of the Apennines, purple in the distance which intervenes. Nothing has been spared to make this spot attractive; white marble benches, well-paved paths, lovely gardens and lamps scattered along the whole length of the promenade, render it enjoyable by old and young, and a place of which Florence may well be proud in the possession. The manufactures of Florence are, in a great degree, closely allied to the arts, her splendid mosaics having been long famous. We visited one or two places and saw beautiful specimens of this work. Florence shares with Rome the honor of producing the finest of mosaics.

From Florence our journey was to Rome, for though advised by many to avoid the Eternal City for fear of malarial fever, we could not pass so near and pass it by. From Florence by railway the distance is two hundred and sixty-three miles; nine hours by express train. There is but little of special interest *en route*. The road follows along the

base of the Apennines, upon whose bare and desolate summits are seen, from time to time, monasteries and fortified castles of the olden time. Upon the plains are vineyards, olive groves, and fig trees, with now and then a field of stunted, yellow corn, with patches of rye, cultivated by the peasants, many of whom live in little sheds or straw huts within the fields they cultivate. The towns are, without exception, very old, and occupy the summits of the lesser elevations, or are built high up on the mountain side, where they can be strongly fortified. From the railway is seen the beautiful Lake Trasimene, on whose banks was fought the memorable battle between the Romans under Flaminius and the Carthaginians under Hannibal, B. C. 217, in which the former were defeated with fearful slaughter. Passing Terni, noted for its falls of the same name, a series of artificial cascades in all about eight hundred feet high, and constructed by the ancient Romans, the road strikes the Campagna, and enters Rome by an opening made in the wall near the Porta Maggiore, the depot being in the Piazza di Termini, near the site of the Diocletian baths, the splendid fragments of which give one some idea of the ancient magnificence of the City of the Cæsars.

There has so much been said and written of the splendor of ancient Rome, as evidenced by the ruins which abound, and her history so often rehearsed, that anything which may be here said concerning it can have but little interest. Suffice it, that we view it simply as a remarkable city, fraught with much that from both worth and association is of interest, and endeavor to show how it appeared to us. Her splendid ruins are of course her chief attraction, and in one form or another they meet the eye wherever one goes. First was the Roman Forum, and there in the few acres which lie between the Capitol and the Coliseum, are the most marvelous remainds of antiquity to be found in the

world. From the Cloaca Maxima and Marmertine Prison, erected nearly twenty-five centuries ago, to the Basilica of Constantine, we have a complete series of the buildings of all epochs,—the Forum itself, in the little hollow between the Palatine and Capitoline hills being the nucleus,—as if Rome had grouped all her most glorious works around the cradle of her power, the place of popular assemblies. In the excavation which has been made stand the splendid ruins,—the Temple of Vespasian, the Temple of Concord, the Temple of Saturn, the Arch of Septimus Severus, and the column of Phocian. From hence goes up the Via Sacra, past the Palace of the Cæsars, which occupies the summit of the Palantine Hill, underneath the arch of Titus, and down to that wonderful structure, the Coliseum or Amphitheater of Vespasian. The form of this splendid ruin is familiar to every one, but its colossal size is not apparent until one steps inside its walls; then it becomes manifest, and its greatness is appreciable. But for the ravages of man during the Middle Ages this great structure would have been still complete. Much of it is still buried beneath the soil, and excavation is now going on with a view to its complete exposition and preservation. The Baths of Caracalla, with the walls and almost perfect mosaic pavement, were of interest; and here it may be well to say that most of the walls and buildings were of brick, moulded in small, flat plates, little stone being used except for columns and cornice, or where support was required for some heavy weight. Trajan's Forum, with its columns commemorative of the victories of that Emperor over the Dacians, and resembling the Column Vendome at Paris, which is its copy; and, on the other side of the city, the Theater of Marcellus (now used for stores and shops), and the Temple of Vesta, and the Capitol occupying the site of the ancient Capitoleum, which last is in a semi-perfect state. Its museum contains

many things of interest. Here is the original Statue of the Dying Gladiator found in the garden of Sallust; the wonderful Faun of Praxitiles, the Venus de Capitoli, and the Doves of Pliny, one of the finest and best preserved mosaics of antiquity, beside a multitude of other works which cannot here be mentioned. From the Capitol tower is had a fine view of the city, but we were not allowed to ascend it. It has been closed to visitors.

Of special interest to us was the old Marmartine Prison, where Peter was incarcerated for preaching Christianity in Rome. Entering the prison from the side towards the Forum, we were conducted down a narrow flight of winding, stone stairs into a dark prison, where, we were told, political offenders were confined. In the floor was a circular grating, beneath which all was blackness and gloom. Torch in hand we descended another flight of stairs, and were shown into the cell which possessed for us so much of interest. Here was confined the great apostle, whose crime was, controveerting the doctrine of the philosophers; he had preached unto men the doctrine of that glorious liberty wherewith they should be made free. Here was the stone pillar to which he was bound, and here the miraculous fountain in which he baptized the believing centurion. How much soever our skepticism might have been excited in regard to the authenticity of many of the sacred relics we had witnessed, there was little room for it here, and we could not doubt the reality of what we saw.

Of the churches in Rome of course the greatest interest clusters around St. Peter's, not only from its character, but as being the finest and most splendid edifice ever erected for the worship of God. It is on the opposite side of the Tiber, and some distance from the center of the city. It faces on an open space, and its facade is flanked on either hand by two magnificent colonnades enclosing a space

nearly eight hundred feet in diameter. So large is the edifice that its lofty dome is completely hidden when one stands in the middle of the space enclosed by the colonnade, looking towards the church. We ascended the steps, and entered the door, when beauty such as we had never seen before was revealed to us. There was grandeur, but not the grandeur that comes of greatness ; there was majesty, but not the majesty that belongs to size. So absolute is its proportion, and so perfect the harmony of all its parts, that one must inspect its detail ere he can comprehend its grandeur or appreciate its real size ; examine, in detail, the magnificent piers that rise from floor to ceiling ; the immense arches that span the spaceway. Walk along the splendid marble floor ; a brass star is at your feet,—it indicates, in comparison, the size of St. Paul's at London. Advance again, and another star,—it indicates the size of the Cathedral at Cologne ; again, and another star,—it indicates the size of the Cathedral at Milan ; and as you look around you, you can, from the general surroundings, hardly realize that you have moved at all ; once more, and another star indicates the size of Duomo at Florence, and you are yet half way to the canopy. Gaze up into the beautiful, frescoed dome ; four hundred feet separate between you and the top of the arch, and yet it hardly seems two hundred. Concerning St. Peter's, some poet has fitly written :

“ Enter ; its grandeur overwhelms thee not ;
And why ? it is not lessened ; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality ; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.”

With the exception of St. Peter's, the Basilica of St. Paul, outside the walls of the city, on the road to Ostia, is the most costly and gorgeous church edifice we have seen in Italy. Its beautiful marble floors, its splendidly-decorated ceiling, its massive colonnade, its exquisitely painted windows, its artistic frescoes, and fine mosaics, its walls panelled with malachite, lapis lazuli, and costly marbles, and its rich canopy supported by elegant alabaster pillars, all entitle it to the first place (except St. Peter's) in the catalogue of the churches of the world. Its outside is unfinished. Italy is too poor even to complete her churches ; her people are adverse to labor. She maintains a large solidity, consumes much and produces little, and her exchequer is barren in consequence. The oldest of the Roman temples is the Pantheon. It was built by Agrippa, A. D., 27, and is now nearly perfect. Its massive dome is open to the sky. It has little interior decoration, the bronze having been stripped from it to adorn the baldachin at St. Peter's. The remains of the painter Raphael are entombed within its walls. The Vatican, or the Capitol of modern Rome, is annexed to St. Peter's Church, and its museum is as a whole one of the finest extant. Its Gallery of Sculpture is the best in existence. Among the noted originals here present are "Laocoön and the Serpents," the "Torso Belvidere," and "Apollo Belvidere," "Ariadne," or "Cleopatra," and the "Cupid" of Praxitiles; also, the "Amazon," one of the finest statues in the collection. The "Pincian," or Public Garden, is one of the finest spots in Rome. It occupies an elevation above the Piazza del Popolo, and is reached by a winding road which leads to the terrace. It is the popular resort for the fashionable Romans, and is a pleasant spot. It overlooks the city to the south. The principal street in Rome is the "Via del Corso;" it is narrow, with narrow walks, and has but little to characterize it as the main thoroughfare of the Ital-

ian capital. It is a "Broadway," however, when compared to the other streets in Rome. The more one becomes familiarized with the cities of Italy, the more he is led to value the privileges and institutions of a country like our own. Poverty, in its most wretched form, is broadcast in the land, and, co-existent with ignorance, is met on every hand. Education among the lower classes is unknown, and the "dignity of labor" is a question that has not yet been mooted among them! There is great need of taking from and adding to, and whose shall be the hand that shall adjust the scale? The heat of the Italian Summer is upon us, and fearful of malaria, we bid good-by to Rome and leave for Naples by early train to-morrow.

LETTER XVII.

Rome to Naples — Situation of the City — Its Buildings, Streets, and Inhabitants — Vesuvius — Ascent of the Mountain — Pompeii and Herculaneum — Pozzuoli — Baiae — Misenum — Baths of Nero — Street Sights in Naples — Departure for Genoa — Voyage up the Mediterranean — Civita Vecchia — Leghorn — Genoa — House and Monument of Columbus.

FROM Rome to Naples by railway the distance is one hundred and sixty-three miles; time, seven hours. Leaving Rome the railway traverses the plain of the Campagna, crossing the Appian way near Albano. From the train is visible the almost unbroken line of arches of the Claudian Aqueduct, stretching from the city to the Alban Hills, beside other noted ruins scattered at intervals along the plains. At the left are the Apennines, which continue in an unbroken chain all the way to Naples. The whole country betokens its volcanic origin, and save in the plain beside the railway is barren and desolate. We are told of "classic Italy." If it exists anywhere it is outside the line from Florence to Naples. This is anything but classic. All day long we rode along these bare gray mountains, until at nightfall appeared to us a smoke-wreathed summit, and then a city, and, beyond, the waters of the sea. The mountain was Vesuvius, the city Naples, and the water the Mediterranean Sea.

One visiting Naples for the first time will be struck with the marked peculiarities which characterize it, differing, as it does in many points, from any city in Europe. Its cli-

rnate and its beautiful location are its advantages. In other respects it is not particularly attractive. It is built at the base and upon the slopes of a range of hills which take the general form of an amphitheater, rising gradually from the water and terminating in a ridge bearing, in its different portions, the names of "Capodimonte," "St. Elmo," and "Pizzofalcone." In front is the beautiful Bay of Naples, setting in from the Mediterranean and occupying a circuit from Camp Campanella on the south-east to Cape Misenum on the north-west, of more than thirty-five English miles. Some five miles east of Naples rises Vesuvius, the gentle slopes of whose base are covered with villages, and further up vineyards and villas almost to the bottom of the cone, which shoots up some four thousand feet into the air. The streets of Naples are narrow, but well laid over with large blocks of lava, which forms a hard and durable pavement. In the rear the city rises abruptly toward the ridge before mentioned, and the streets terminate against the cliffs or by winding roads which surmount the hills, from whence is had an extended prospect of the city, the bay, and the sea beyond. The architecture of the houses is plain, but they are well and substantially built, towering to a height of seven and eight stories from the street. The windows all reach to the floor, and open out upon little balconies, which, after the sun has passed the meridian, are occupied by the fair Neapolitans, who gaze down upon the passing throng below.

Nowhere, in the course of our journey, have we met with so much poverty, so much squalor, so much of wretchedness and filthiness, as among the lower classes of inhabitants in the city of Naples. It was heart- (as well as stomach-) sickening, in traversing the lower thoroughfares, to witness the exhibitions which greeted us. The extreme warmth of the climate renders clothing superfluous, and the wearing of it from motives of propriety or decency is apparently a thing

unthought of or unknown. Men, girt simply with a cloth about the loins, women in any costume that would cover their nakedness from the breast to the knees, and children sometimes clad in a single tattered garment and sometimes naked as they were born, and all covered with dirt and filth, were sights which greeted us, giving us an impression of the city that was anything but favorable. The hills in the rear of the city are composed of tufa stone, which is easily cut, and many have their dwellings in caves or excavations made into the sides of the cliffs, living like the troglodytes of old, in caverns and among the rocks of the hills.

Of course Naples has a better side, and one much pleasanter to contemplate. Upon the slopes of the hills are built handsome villas, which are surrounded by groves of olive, fig, and lemon trees, and whose terraces command a splendid view of the city and sea. Though Naples is of ancient origin, there are at present but few old remains therein existing; but the country around is covered with the ruins of temples, theaters, and villas, and her museum is rich in monuments of Greek and Roman art. In the time of the Emperors she was a suburb of Rome and was a favorite resort for her statesmen, her poets, and historians, who had villas upon her shores. The ruins of these structures are abundant in the immediate vicinity of the city, and endow it with much interest. In fact there is more here of real interest to the traveler than in any other locality covering the same territory in all Europe.

First, Vesuvius, the most active volcano in the known world; the ruins of the ancient cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, Castellammare and Sorrento, all east of Naples, and Puzzoeli, (ancient Putcoli) Baiae, Misenum, Procida, and Ischia, all west, were points that claimed our attention and commanded our presence. The day was hot and sultry, when, leaving our hotel in Naples, we set out for the as-

cent of Vesuvius. Its smoke-capped summit was visible as we drove along the quai, distance toning down its rugged outline, and deceiving us as to the task that was before us, and the hight we had to climb. The road passes along the shore of the bay, out of the city, and through the villages of Portici and Resina, to the base of the mountain from whence the ascent begins. Passing up a road walled in on either hand by villas, and through fig and olive groves and vineyards, and then over large fields of black lava, the remains of previous eruptions, a journey of two hours from Resina brought us to the Hermitage, or Observatory, where we left our carriage and took ponies, upon whose backs the ascent to the base of the cone is made. At this point there is a Scientific Observatory which was erected in 1844, and contains, among other appliances, an instrument which registers the state of the mountain, and by which an eruption may be foretold some hours in advance of its occurrence. It is connected with the city by a line of telegraph. The view from this point, which is elevated some two thousand feet above the sea, is fine. Away to the northwest stretch the hights of Camaldoli, Posilipo, Miscenum, Procida, Ischia,—with its pyramid-like Mount Eponeo,—the Ponza Islands, and Gaeta as far as the promontory of Mount Circeo. To the south towers Mount St. Angelo, with Castellammars, Vico, Sorrento, and Massa at its foot, and beyond, the three peaked islands of Capri. In the foreground is Naples, with its outlying villages, and encircled by its beautiful bay, and beyond, stretching away to the horizon, the blue waters of the Mediterranean sea. Behind you, in vast fields, and heaped up in rough ragged piles, is the black lava, over which your course lays, to the "Atrio del Cavello," or bottom of the cone, distant three quarters of an hour from the Observatoy. Mounting on ponies, we followed our guides as they led the way hither, over the rough lava, as

before described. One has but little idea of the immense resources Nature has at her command, or of the tremendous energy contained within her forces, until he traverses a territory thus laid waste and beholds the terrible evidences which exist on every hand. Here lie huge masses of black lava, miles in extent, torn and wrenched into every conceivable form and shape, and piled up in immense heaps, as though some terrible force had torn through the earth with a gigantic ploughshare, upheaving, overturning, and wide-scattering, with an energy as inconceivable as it is terrible, and a force and power as tremendous as it is relentless, and as awful as it is resistless and grand. Down from the merciless crater have rolled the molten tides, destroying, consuming, and burying, away to the plains below. We were shown a field of lava which was the result of the last eruption (in 1872), which had completely filled up a valley on the west side of the mountain, covering it to a depth of one hundred and twenty feet, and reaching away down to the villages of San Sebastiano, and Massa, in the plain beneath. Passing up and over this desolated region, we reached the base of the cone, where we left our horses and continued the ascent on foot. Here the real difficulty began. Hence rises abruptly what is called the "eruptive cone," whose height, Murray states, is about four thousand feet. Its circumference is about ten miles at the base, its angle of inclination being at all points forty-five degrees. Up this incline, now sinking to the knees in the coarse, volcanic sand, and now stepping from block to block of the projecting lava, enveloped at times in the damp fog or clouds of mist which hang around its sides, we, by our own exertions, and the pulling, hauling, and carrying of our guides, at last reached the summit, and standing breathless and almost strengthless gazed over into the abyss beneath. One experience suffices for a lifetime. Around the edge of the cra-

ter is a small path trodden by the footsteps of visitors and the guides, to a width of some four or five feet. On one side, a misstep or an accidental fall, and down you roll headlong to the plain, four thousand feet below, and upon the other, the yawning crater, from whence in blinding volume comes the sulphurous vapor, and whose white jagged edges show themselves now and then between the rifts of smoke. The ground was hot to our feet, and scraping away a few inches from the surface, the sand taken up could not be held in the bare hand. From the crevices issued vapor and smoke; paper was ignited, being thrust therein, and eggs roasted in the ashes. The sound of a huge piece of lava projected into the crater, by the guides, came up to us through the thick smoke, fainter and fainter, as it rolled downwards, and was lost ere it reached the bottom. As yet, it has never been fathomed, or its depth accurately ascertained. Remaining upon the summit long enough to take in the situation completely, we began the descent and in twenty minutes reached our horses, which were waiting for us at the bottom. The descent is easy; maintain your perpendicular (as a friend would say) and the thing is done. The longer and faster one can stride down through the sand without falling, the sooner is the distance accomplished. One might *roll* down, but, like the flying of Darius Green, the lighting would not be so satisfactory. It requires a day to ascend Vesuvius from Naples and return by evening.

The exploration of the wonderful ruins at Herculaneum and Pompeii have also demanded our attention. The awful suddenness with which these cities were blotted from existence, the terrible destruction that characterized their extinction from the face of the earth, the length of time they remained buried, and the wonders revealed by their discovery and exhumation, have ever excited in us all feelings of the liveliest interest, and the exploration of these ruins was

almost our first business after our arrival in Naples. Passing the villages of Anunciata and Resina, (so far the same road as that to Vesuvius) an hour's ride among the vineyards and olive groves brought us to a gate over which was inscribed "Porte del Erculano," passing through which, we came to the entrance street of the ancient city, or the "Street of the Tombs," as it is called. I will not occupy the space to describe the ruins in detail, they are well known from history, but a few facts connected with them which are not so generally known may be of interest. The city was built upon the east side of Vesuvius upon an elevated plain or peninsula near the sea, and at the time of its destruction was a wealthy commercial city of some thirty thousand souls. In A. D. 79 occurred the eruption which buried it in ashes, from whence its resuscitation began in 1748. The ashes buried Pompeii and the lava from the same eruption and at the same time covered and destroyed Herculaneum. For comparison with localities at home we may suppose Abrigador to be Vesuvius, Hopeville would be Pompeii, Brooklyn would correspond to Herculaneum, and Waterbury, west of Center Square to the Iron Bridge, to the city of Naples. Distances, of course, are greater, but the general idea may be had by such comparison. About one third of the city, only, is excavated, and the remains as existent upon the spot, and transported to the museum at Naples are wonderful in the extreme. Passing along the streets of the city, one beholds the ruins with a curious feeling. There are the streets paved with blocks of lava, and the marks of the carriage wheels upon them, as if the work were only of yesterday. There are the remains of the dwellings, the walls, pillars, mosaic floors and frescoes, fresh and well preserved, as clean and as bright as they were eighteen hundred years ago. Of the many houses in Pompeii, perhaps the Villa of

Diomede is better known, from its descriptions in the books, than any other. It is on the street of the Tombs, and outside the wall of the city. He was said to have been the richest citizen of Pompeii, and his villa was elegant and costly. It will be remembered that when the fatal shower came upon the city, his family took refuge in the cellar, where they perished from suffocation. Their bodies were exhumed (having been buried eighteen hundred years) and one, that of a young girl, is preserved and shown at the Museum in Naples. This cellar was a subterranean passage which surrounded the villa, and is about twelve feet wide by eight feet high. Upon the wall, near the entrance, are the marks of the body, head, shoulders, back, and legs, just as it stood when death overtook it in the ashes, eighteen centuries ago. There are taverns with cooking apparatus, shops with the vessels that contained the wine, still in position; dwellings with all the inside economy, parlors, sitting rooms, dining halls, courts, sleeping chambers, bath rooms, etc., looking as though it was but yesterday they were occupied. The owners of many of the houses were known from inscriptions upon them, or from the remains found within them, and are named accordingly, as the "Villa of Diomede," the "House of Cicero," the "House of Sallust, but others, without such mark of recognition, are named from some peculiarity of construction, or some statue or ornament it contained, as the "House of Venus," the "House of the Dancing Fawn," etc. The dwellings were in all cases built of brick, stuccoed and frescoed, and the frescoes are in many cases as bright and fresh as though but recently put on. Excavation is still going on though slowly, and many new and valuable discoveries are from time to time being made. In the Museum, near the Sea Gate, are exhibited some bodies recently found, grey and repulsive in

their shroud of ashes, and fixed in the position they were when death came upon them.

Contemporary with the destruction of Pompeii by the shower of ashes from Vesuvius, was the destruction of Herculaneum by the volume of lava which was vomited from its crater. Flowing down from the mountain it covered the unfortunate city to a depth of forty-five feet with its molten tide, which ran like lead into all the openings and interstices, and cooling, left the city, as it were, imbedded in the solid rock. Candle in hand we followed the guide down a slimy stairway, cut through the solid lava until we reached the only building which has been rescued from its stony coffin, and known as the theater. The present town of Resina is built upon the lava directly over Herculaneum, and buttresses have been built at intervals to guard against the possibility of the lava's falling through. The site of the city was discovered in 1700, but the difficulty of excavation was so great that for a long time little progress was made. To Charles III, King of Spain, is due the credit of taking the matter in hand and beginning the work in earnest. Though nothing, except the theater, is seen by the visitor, many rich and valuable discoveries have been made, and the relics preserved in the Museum at Naples.

Northeast from Naples, and facing upon the Bay of Baiae, is the town of Puzzoeli. Here are many views which are of interest. The Amphitheater of Nero, where St. Januarius was offered by that Emperor to the lions, who (according to tradition) kneeled to him, on seeing which the Emperor ordered him beheaded. The Temple of Jupiter Serapis, an ancient Egyptian edifice dedicated to that deity, its three columns now standing in about four feet of water, though located some distance back from the sea; in the hill-sides along the shore, are the ruins of many old Roman villas, among them the villa and academy of Cicero. All the

way to Baiae these ruins line the shore, and are in a state of greater or less preservation. From Baiae, through Puzzo-zeoli, leads the Appian Way to Rome, fragments of which are met with here and there *en route*.

At Baiae was the ancient harbor for the Roman fleet, and at Misenum still exists the ruin of a magnificent stone reservoir, built by Agrippa to supply the fleet at anchor in the bay with water brought by the Julian aqueduct from Serino, a distance of some fifty miles. Here in the tufa cliffs are located the famous vapor baths of Nero, and said to be a specific for rheumatism in its most aggravated form. Entering directly into the face of the cliffs, we gazed down a dark, narrow passage from whence issued a dense hot vapor which caused us to retreat ere we had ventured far, and to wait with some anxiety the return of a lad who had gone down to show us the effect. He soon returned to us, dripping with perspiration, and bearing in his hands a bucket of water (so hot as to scald the flesh if immersed therein) brought up from the depths below. Our guide related to us the case of a young English lord, who, a short time since, came to Naples so afflicted with rheumatism as to be nearly helpless. For forty-eight successive days he came to these baths, and when he returned to England he was a cured man.

Inside the city, the Museum is the principal attraction. It contains the wonderful relics taken from Herculaneum and Pompeii, the number and variety of which is astonishing. The street sights in Naples are interesting if not attractive. The climate is so warm that business is carried on, to a great extent, in the streets; transportation and locomotion is effected in a variety of ways, the ox and the donkey being among the chief mediums employed. Our visit to Naples was in the height of the fruit season, and the quantity brought to the city was enormous. It comes down from the country upon the backs of donkeys, is taken to a

general market, and at early morning distributed over the city. One of these markets was located opposite our hotel, and the noise of braying donkeys and shouting peasants that assailed our ears each morning during our stay, was like the blowing of the rams' horns before Jericho. How the walls of our hotel could stand before it was a mystery.

We left Naples by steamer for Genoa; distance about four hundred and fifty miles. The waters of the Mediterranean were blue and beautiful, and as we sailed down the bay, and out between Ischia, with its towering rock and castle, and Procida, into the open sea, we left no feelings of regret behind. Next morning we came to Civita Vecchia, the port of entry of Rome, where we lay all day at anchor, awaiting the arrival of the mail from that city. The place is small, and not of much importance. Thence to Leghorn, where we remained a few hours. This is a city of some commercial importance, and has a fine harbor, protected by a mole or breakwater outside. In appearance and general location it resembles New Haven, being built upon a plain, with hills rising in the rear. From hence, along the bold rocky coast to Genoa, into whose harbor we sailed at evening of the third day from Naples. This city has agreeably disappointed us. It is flanked on either side and in the rear by lofty mountains upon whose summits are erected forts to the number of eighteen, comprising a line of defenses completely encircling the city. The view from the various elevated positions overlooking the city and sweeping out upon the blue sea is fine. The streets are narrow but well-paved and very clean, contrasting agreeably with those at Naples. The buildings are solid and substantial, many of them being palaces belonging to the Genoese nobility. Of public buildings there are few of special interest. Near the railway station is the house of Christopher Columbus, a long, two-story building, in an excellent state of preservation and

repair, while nearly opposite, diagonally, stands a beautiful marble monument of the great navigator, erected by the citizens of Genoa to his memory. Genoa is the great commercial city of Italy. Her ships go to all climes, and her steam fleet visits every part of the world. We leave to-night for Turin and Geneva, thence to Paris, London, Liverpool, and home.

LETTER XVIII.

Genoa to Turin — Turin — First View of the Alps — The Mount Cenis Railway and Tunnel — Savoy — Culoz — Geneva — The City — Its Hotels and Surroundings — Lake Leman — Trip to Villeneuve — Scenery en route — Lausanne — Chillon — Chammounix and Mount Blanc — Americans in Geneva — Merchandise and Manufactories — Departure for Paris — Views Retrospective.

FROM Genoa to Turin, *via* Allessandria, the distance is one hundred miles; time four hours. Allessandria lies about fifty miles north of Genoa, and is the point where the railway joins the main line from Milan, necessitating, of course, a change of cars. All railways running north and south in Austria, France, and Italy, are obliged to surmount the mountains by heavy gradients and numerous and lengthy tunnels. From Genoa the railway rises into and pierces the ridge of the Apennines through a tunnel two miles in length, the little town of Busalla being located upon the summit. Hence to Turin the country is a beautiful, fruitful plain. Whoever has traveled in the south of Italy, in the heat of midsummer, and experienced the inevitable discomforts of such journeying, can well appreciate the change experienced on reaching a city like Turin. She is called "the fair," and she truly merits the title. Situated upon a plain just beyond the junction of the river Po and the Doria Riparia, flowing down from the mountains, she forms a perfect contrast with all the cities we have been accustomed to see in Italy. She is new and fresh, instead of antique and in decay. The streets are wide and kept clean by a profusion of water running over them. The architecture of the buildings, col-

lectively, is of a modern style, and compares favorably with that of Vienna, except it is lacking in elaborateness of detail. There are few mean-looking houses in the city, those even of the poorer classes being, in many instances, almost palatial. Magnificent trees are scattered throughout the city, their thick foliage interposing an impenetrable barrier to the scorching rays of the sun. Behind it rises a beautiful range of hills, called the "Collina de Torina," which are built upon with elegant mansions and villas. It has a population of about two hundred and fifteen thousand souls. Here was our first view of the Alps, whose snowy summits skirted along our right hand, as we passed on towards Geneva. The railway from Turin over the Alps rises into the mountains by the valley of the Doria, piercing the ridge through the famous Mount Cenis tunnel, at an elevation of only four thousand feet above the sea, and descending into France (Savoy) by the valley of the Arc, crosses the Rhone at Culoz (junction for Geneva), and goes thence to Paris. The scenery up the Doria valley to the tunnel is not so grand or magnificent as might be supposed from its location. The mountains are lofty, but the valley is contracted and irregular, and twists and turns to all points of the compass in its ascent. At Bardonneche, eighty-seven miles from Turin, and the last town in Italy, the railway enters the mouth of the great bore, and passes thence on to French soil. Though called the Mount Cenis tunnel, the mass of the Alps actually pierced is known as the "Col de Frenis," and lies some distance southward of Mount Cenis proper. Its culminating point, "Le Grand Vallon," rises to a height of ten thousand four hundred and thirty-six feet above the sea level; pierced, therefore, at an altitude of four thousand feet, there rises above the center of the tunnel an enormous mountain mass, sixty-four hundred feet high. In the middle of the tunnel, and between you and the sky in-

tervenes a solid wall of rock, over a mile in thickness, and on either hand four miles of distance to the daylight, for the tunnel is eight miles long from end to end. Its history is contemporary with that of our own Pacific railway, and of the Suez canal, and need not be rehearsed. At the present time the French government are at work upon their end of the tunnel, mining it, that in case of war it may be blown up, and the avenue thus effectually closed against passage. On emerging from the tunnel is the town of Modane, where is the French custom-house. Here our baggage was examined, and our passports vised before we were allowed to proceed. This portion of France, known as the department of Savoy, is very beautiful. The valley is flanked by mountain ranges, whose slopes are cultivated, and is dotted all along with villages and hamlets nestling among the trees. Passing Chambrey, and skirting the borders of Lake Bourget to Aix les Bains, where the mountain view becomes fine, we arrive at Culoz, and leaving the Paris line ascend the valley of the Rhone to Geneva, forty miles distant northeast.

The fall of the Rhone from Geneva is considerable ; the water having worn its passage through the rocks similar to that at Niagara, from the Falls to Queenston. From Culoz to Geneva, the railway surmounts the mountains by a heavy and continuous grade, and enters the station in that city at a slight elevation above the level of the river. We reached Geneva at 9 p. m., twelve hours from Turin, from which it is distant four hundred and fourteen miles. Among all the cities in Europe, Geneva has long been noted for the beauty of her situation, the healthiness of her climate and the peculiar branches of manufacturing industry carried on within her borders. As a summer resort she compares with our own Newport, Long Branch, or Saratoga, and is frequented by travelers from all parts of the world. Below her are the higher summits of the Swiss Alps, and beside her, one of

the loveliest sheets of water ever embosomed among the hills. Her hotels are numerous, and unrivalled, and are kept upon a scale of magnificence equal to that of any first-class house in America. The Metropole, the Beau Rivage, the De la Paix, and the Russie, all fronting upon the lake, may be mentioned among the chief.

Geneva is situated at the western extremity of the lake of the same name, and has a population of about forty-five thousand souls. The River Rhone, emerging from the lake, passes directly through the city, dividing it in twain. The volume of water constantly passing is considerable, and as it rushes down under the bridges which cross it, one is reminded of the rapids at Niagara, which it resembles both in volume, and in the speed with which it passes the channel. A harbor has been formed by enclosing the head of the lake with stone breakwaters, leaving an opening in the center sufficient to permit the passage of vessels to and from the lake outside. The harbor is surrounded by fine stone quais, upon which face the principal hotels and stores. In the rear of the city on the south, rise precipitous cliffs; upon the west the Jura range of mountains; upon the north the lake; and east, the hills, backed in the distance by the peaks of the Pennine Alps. From the quay on the west side of the harbor, upon which face the hotels Beau Rivage, De la Paix, and Russie, the lofty summit of Mt. Blanc, glittering with its eternal crown of snow, is clearly visible fifty miles away. The chief glory of Geneva is, however, its beautiful lake, upon the southwestern extremity of which it is situated. It is in the shape of a crescent, and is fifty miles long, by nine broad in its widest part. At Geneva it is not over two miles broad, and its banks gently sloping up on either side are covered with beautiful mansions and villas. Steamers ply upon the lake daily to Vilenueve, the town at the opposite extremity, going up in the

morning by the north shore and returning in the afternoon by the south, stopping at the various towns *en route*. The lake and its encompassing scenery has been immortalized by Byron in his Childe Harold. Upon the north shore as far as Lausanne, the country is a perfect garden. Its gently sloping banks are built upon with beautiful villas, and the fields are all highly cultivated. At Lausanne, which occupies a picturesque position upon the hillside, (and where, upon the 27th of June, 1780, between 11 and 12 o'clock at night, the historian Gibbon wrote the last line of the last page of his History of Rome), the hills encroach upon the water, the lake narrows down, and to Villeneuve the scenery is grand and imposing. Upon the south, the snowy peaks of the great Alpine chain stand up like giant buttresses against the sky, one rising behind the other in majestic grandeur, creating within us as we beheld them the feeling thus expressed by Byron :

"Who first beholds the Alps, that mighty chain
Of mountains stretching on from east to west,
So massive yet so shadowy, so ethereal
As to belong to heaven rather than earth,
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not—
A 'something' that informs him 'tis a moment
Whence he may date henceforward and forever."

Half way between Chillon and Villeneuve, standing upon an isolated rock in the water, is the famous Castle of Chillon, where Bonivard was imprisoned by Charles V. of Savoy, for six years, in one of its dungeons. A ring in the pillar to which he was fastened is still seen. Byron has immortalized the spot in his "Prisoner of Chillon." The only island (but one) in the lake is just off Villeneuve, and is very small. Upon it stand three poplar trees. It is in view from the Castle of Chillon, and Byron thus describes it :

"And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view ;
A small green isle it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were wafers flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing
Of gentle breath and hue."

The water of the lake is of a beautiful blue color, differing from that of the rest of the Swiss lakes, they being in every instance green. The cause was assigned by Sir Humphrey Davy, who resided here for a long time, to be due to the presence of iodine, which cause, however, is not accepted as the true one by the scientific men of the present day. All along the shore in the numerous favorable localities are hotels and summer resorts, where are gathered people from all parts of the world, who appreciate the beautiful lake scenery, and the exhilarating life-giving principle contained in the pure mountain air. The navigation of the lake, save by the regular steamers of the transportation companies, is inconsiderable, there being no vessel upon its waters carrying over two hundred tons, and these are old-fashioned, clumsy looking craft, rigged with the long lateen sail seen only on the Mediterranean, and termed the "goose wing." A line of American boats like the "Sylvan Shore" and "Sylvan Grove," would be a pleasing innovation upon those beautiful mountain waters. Some fifty miles southwest from Geneva rise the lofty summits of the higher Alps. Beginning at Chammounix, from whose beautiful valley rises in its majestic grandeur the highest peak in the range, namely, Mt. Blanc, they pass through Switzerland into Austria, where they are lost upon the Hungarian frontier. It was our purpose to visit Chammounix, and acquaint ourselves directly

with the wonders of these mighty mountains, but we have passed it by and contented ourselves with beholding their gleaming peaks from the harbor at Geneva, or upon the quay in front of the "Hotel De la Paix." Communication by diligence from Geneva to Chammounix, in seven and-a-half hours, via Sallanches and St. Gervais, or in eight and-a-half hours via Martigny and "Col de Balme." Three diligences loaded down with passengers passed our hotel this a.m. *en route* for Chammounix, while the railway via Lausanne and Martigny carries many more.

We meet many Americans in Switzerland. A passing glance at the *American Register*, at Lombard, Odier & Co.'s (bankers), showed Connecticut to be fairly represented. We are told Americans have not been abroad this season as much as usual, though the number which are at present seeking passage home on the various steamers would seem to indicate differently. Our application for passage by White Star Steamship Baltic, to sail on the 27th proximo, was met with the information that every berth was engaged to October 3d, and the same homeward rush is reported by the other lines.

Geneva is a favorite point for shopping, its stores being filled with all kinds of goods usually purchased by Americans. Watches and jewelry, diamonds and precious stones, laces and embroideries, pictures, musical boxes, &c., &c. Wood carving elaborately executed, also ivory, is a specialty, the articles exposed for sale being exceedingly great in variety, and cheap in price. Also, music *machines* (for they can hardly be called "boxes"), elaborate and costly affairs, that combine the music of a brass band with that of every instrument in the world, and yet maintain the sweetest and most perfect harmony. In fact there is so much to tempt the pocket, one needs a lock on his wallet, or else the happy alternative of a credit at the bankers which is unlimited.

"Many prefer the latter," as Mark Twain would say. *We* should. Building is going on quite extensively in Geneva: hotels, stores, and private dwellings. Two large hotels upon the lake shore (west side), the Hotel National and Hotel Angleterre, will be ready for occupancy the coming season, and everything indicates thrift and prosperity. Living is cheap in comparison with many parts of Europe, good board being obtainable (not at first-class hotels, of course,) for four francs a day. In the dull season (October to June) many hotels are converted into "pensions" or boarding houses, in which guests are received by the week on terms ranging from three to eight francs per day. This charge comprises bedroom, breakfast, table d'hôte (without wine), and supper (tea, bread and butter, and cold meat), with an additional charge for attendance of about five francs per month. These "pensions" abound in the neighborhood of Lucerne, Geneva, Berne, Zurich, Interlaken, and many other parts of Switzerland, and are well patronized. Leaving Geneva, we came by express train to Paris, distance three hundred and ninety miles, time fifteen hours. The route lies via Culoz and Dijon, and passes through the finest and most beautiful part of France. It is midsummer, and the rich state of cultivation characterizing the face of the country is pleasing to behold.

Arriving in Paris at early morning we drove to our old quarters, the Hotel d' Athenee, which we found to have undergone little change since we left it nearly three months ago. And here is Paris, the same bright, beautiful city; its splendid streets, its gay people, its fine stores and magnificent buildings, present themselves to us in the same aspect as they did when we first beheld them. They were beautiful then, for from previous experience we were able to draw no comparison, our opinions being formed simply from our impressions. To-day, enabled by observation to compare it with most of the continental cities, it is as beautiful as

ever, and to it others must yield the palm. Next stands Vienna, equal in many things (in some superior), but second inevitably to Paris, and so on down the line ; and as to-day we take in retrospect the territory over which we have wandered, the experiences which have characterized our journeyings, the observations of men and things resultant therefrom, and it swells into a history that may only be fully written from its influence upon our lives. Countries whose history has been to us from the printed page, have been traversed by us, and the existent state of things resulting from the deeds of generals and the influence of statesmen have passed in panorama before us. Monarchies and principalities, kingdoms and empires, have practically displayed to us the results accruing from the carrying out of their various governmental forms, and demonstrated to us which is best. No system is entirely without some good elements, but in none are they so fully combined, nor is there any so completely adapted to the good of the governed as is that of a republic. Monarchies and principalities will crumble and fall asunder, kingdoms and empires will perish and pass away; but a republic, if existing according to its true, inherent principles, will live and thrive forever. Where there is justice there is equality; where there is liberty there is prosperity, and where there is fraternity there is harmony and peace.

**THE GREAT LAKES
OR THE INLAND SEAS OF AMERICA.**

"**N**OTHING," says the author of Disturnell's Guide, "but a *voyage* over all the great bodies of water forming the Inland Seas, can furnish the traveler, or scientific explorer, with a just idea of the extent, depth, and clearness of the waters of the great American lakes, together with the healthy influence, fertility, and romantic beauty of their numerous islands and surrounding shores, forming as they do a circuit of about four thousand miles, with an area twice exceeding that of the State of New York, extending through eight degrees of latitude, and sixteen of longitude; the territory embracing the entire north half of the temperate zone, where the purity of the atmosphere vies with the clearness of the waters of these seas, which are all connected by navigable rivers or straits." Two hundred and thirty years ago, the first white man, a Jesuit missionary, trod their shores, which until then had echoed only with the footsteps of the red man of the forest,—the Ojibwa and Algonquin, the Iroquis and Chippewa, the Erie and Huron, who dwelt in the mighty wildernesses by which they were surrounded. How would the good missionary be astonished could he open his eyes and behold the change that has taken place in the intervening years between then and now. To behold the towns and cities that have risen along their borders, and the commerce which has grown and is to-day maintained upon their waters, would surprise even a more shrewd and far-sighted man than he. The canoe of the red man has been supplanted by the sailing craft and steamship, and these seas have become a highway for travel and traffic between the East and the territory of the Great Northwest. Pages have been filled, and quantities of canvas covered, with descriptions and illustrations of the grandeur of the White Mountain scenery, and the majesty of that of the Alleghanys, and the beauties of our noble rivers and lesser lakes have been told and sung by poet and bard, but the greatness belonging to these Inland Oceans is to many as great a mystery as that connected with the sources of the Nile, or the question of the existence of an open Polar Sea. Embark at the port of Buffalo, N. Y., upon any of the sumptuous and well-appointed steamers that sail hence, and five days' voyaging will take you into a region abounding in everything enjoyable and worth the having. The richest mineral region in the world, full of silver, copper, and iron, the healthiest climate, the most beautiful scenery, and splendid hunting and fishing, all combine to make the trip one of the most pleasurable on the American continent.

The record of a trip made to this region in the Summer of '73, may be of interest to those yet unacquainted with the beauties and attractions it possesses.

THE GREAT LAKES.

The Lake Region of America — Buffalo — Its Trade and Commerce — Lake Erie — Detroit — Aspect of the City — The St. Clair — Lake and Straits — Lake Huron — Voyage up the Inland Sea — Detour — The St. Mary's River and Sault — Scenery on the River — The Ship Canal — Entrance to Superior — The Sand Dunes — Pictured Rocks — Marquette — Keeweenaw Point and the Copper Region — Ontonagon — Duluth.

WE arrived in Buffalo on Tuesday, August 26th, and awaited the arrival of our steamer, advertised to sail on the evening of that date. Delayed by storm and head winds, she was thirty hours late, and we remained in the city until the twenty-seventh, at midnight, when we passed out of the harbor and began our voyage. To one accustomed to the hurry and bustle of business life in New York and New England, Buffalo might appear slow and "old fogeyish;" but her business is mainly connected with the commerce of the lakes, and does not need, for its accomplishment, that push and energy which characterizes the trade and manufactures of her sister cities at the East. To one unacquainted with the detail of this commerce it appears simply astonishing. The amount of cargo handled, the size and number of vessels engaged in carrying, with the amount of capital employed, is much greater than is generally supposed. Large freight and passenger steamers, of fifteen hundred to two thousand tons, arrive at and depart from her piers, while the huge "three-masters," with their long hulls and lofty "sky-scrappers," render diminutive, by comparison, the bark and schooner of our own Atlantic coast. The Anchor

Line to Chicago, the Central and Pacific, and A. D. and P. lines to Lake Superior, run large and finely-furnished steamers (both screw and side-wheel), and are largely patronized. They are well officered, their tables are sumptuous, and everything possible is done for the comfort and pleasure of their passengers. Our steamer was the Keeweenaw, a side-wheel boat similar to the Continental of the New Haven line, except more compactly built, and tight from prow to aft her wheel houses to the upper deck, to withstand the heavy seas. Under the combined care of Captain Shepard, Purser Bennett, and Clerk Easton, our trip was a continued experience of satisfaction and delight.

Journal.

Left Buffalo twenty-eighth, at midnight; weather fair; off Erie, Pa., at sunrise; water sufficiently rough to give a pleasant motion to the steamer; sky clear, with stiff breeze from the northwest; breakfast at eight; all well; few sail in sight. No land: nothing but a wide expanse of water. Passed Long Point and the Sand Hills on the Canadian shore, seventy miles west of Buffalo, at eight a. m.; at five p. m. passed "Point aux Pines" and Pelee Island, and at eight p. m. Gibraltar Light; at 10 p. m. passed Malden at the mouth of the Detroit river, and at midnight reached Detroit, receiving a large accession to our passengers.

Friday, 29th.—This morning is beautiful, as also is the view from the steamer's deck, as we await the hour of departure. The river, which is here some three quarters of a mile wide, is the pride of the Detroiters, and filled with craft of all kinds and sizes, passing and repassing, makes, in the beautiful morning sunlight, an interesting and attractive picture. Windsor, on the east bank of the river, occupies the bluff for some distance up and down, and is connected with Detroit by ferry.

Detroit is a busy city, wearing a handsome and prosperous look. The new City Hall, lately erected, is a magnificent structure, as are also the Opera House, Post-office, and other buildings. At eleven a. m. left for Port Huron.

Passing up the river, here from one to two miles wide, past Belle Isle, a beautiful and picturesque spot, and a favorite resort for Detroit people, a sail of seven miles brings us past Windmill Point and Light to the entrance to Lake St. Clair. This beautiful sheet of water occupies, so to speak, the middle ground between Lakes Erie and Huron, and is some thirty miles long by twenty-five broad. Passing up the lake, the scenery is magnificent, weather clear, and the water blue and transparent ; the cloud-belts skirting the horizon are grand, and admired by all. Meet many vessels passing down, and pass many vessels going up the lakes ; at 2:30 p. m., enter the St. Clair Flats through the old channel (the ship canal at present undergoing repairs), and soon pass the mouth of the St. Clair river, or Straits. The scenery up this river, as viewed from the passing steamer on a clear day, is enchantingly beautiful. The magnificent river, with its fleets of vessels constantly passing ; the Michigan shore, with its beautiful and highly-cultivated farms and orchards coming close to the water's edge ; the numerous towns and villages scattered along its banks, thrifty and prosperous ; the Canadian shore, romantic and beautiful, but contrasting greatly with its more thickly settled and better cultivated neighbor opposite,—makes this part of the voyage a splendid and happy experience. We pause for a moment at Algonac, Mich. (a small town devoted mainly to the lumber trade), and again at Sarnia, reaching Port Huron at 9 p. m.

The evening was beautiful; the many-colored lights upon passing vessels ; the light from the moon, now in its first quarter, faintly reflected from the water; the lights at Port Huron and Sarnia glimmering through the twilight, and the

music with which we were favored by a sweet singer, whose presence enlivened our voyage, lent a charm to those few hours, which will not soon be forgotten. Stopped at Sarnia to load passengers and freight, and then at Port Huron opposite. Sarnia is beautifully situated on the Canada shore, and has a large and well-appointed hotel directly upon the bluff above the river and wharves. Two miles beyond, on the Michigan shore, is Fort Gratiot, our last landing south of Lake Huron. Here is a Fort garrisoned by U. S. troops and commanding the river. We pass Fort Gratiot Light, and at ten p. m., under a starlit sky, enter the waters of Huron.

Saturday, Aug. 30th, 6 a. m.—No land visible from the Pilot House of the steamer; wind fresh from the northwest, and sky clear; passengers, singly and in groups, emerging from the cabin to enjoy the sail; not as much sea as when crossing Erie, and no sickness in consequence; occasionally a sail upon the horizon, but no land; our ship's company is a pleasant one, and all is harmony. The family of S. M. Petit, Esq., superintendent of the St. Paul and Mississippi Railroad, and Miss Heath of St. Paul, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon of Houghton, S. A. Hubbard of the Hartford *Courant*, H. C. Fogle and ladies of Ohio, the Misses Wilcox and Barnard of Detroit and Ypsilanti, Messrs. Grey of Marquette, Devereux of Ontonagon, and Matthews and Dunlap of Michigan, are among our passengers, and time passes pleasantly to all. At 10 a. m. are off Saginaw, where, we are told, the wind often sweeps with great fury, and the sea rolls fearfully; but to-day there is no sea, all is bright and beautiful. One p. m.; the low loom of the Thunder Bay Islands becomes visible on our left; we steam steadily on, and shall reach Detour at the mouth of the St. Mary's river at 10 to-night; are now beginning to feel the invigorating effect of the pure and bracing atmosphere characterizing the

upper lake region. Five p. m.: pass Presque Isle to the left, and Cockburn on the right. Eight p. m.: nearing Detour; light visible on port bow; Great Manitoulin Islands to the northeast; pass Detour at ten p. m., and enter the St. Mary's river.

Sunday, Aug. 31st, 1 a. m.—Steamer aground in Mud Lake, the pilot mistaking his course. 10.30 hailed a passing schooner, lightened the boat, and continued up the river. This lake is an expansion of the river, some five miles long by three broad, and (except in the channel) is quite shallow. The sunrise, as we lay at this point, was beautiful. The pale yellow of the sky deepening into a rich orange as the daylight came, was caught by the rippling water and multiplied a thousand times; the lifting fog, white and shining, disclosed islands here and there on either side covered with birch and hemlocks; the shores beyond now making out into full round headlands, and now retreating back, leaving broad bays and beautiful savannas to glisten in the morning sunlight, all combined to make a picture pleasant to look upon: it *was* beautiful. Were stopped at noon by three schooners aground on the Nebish Rapids; landed at Nebish, a Canadian settlement consisting of a small dock, two frame houses, and a few birch-bark cabins, inhabited by half breeds; country rough and rocky; cleared but little; accepted the invitation of a friend, who had secured the services of a half breed and his canoe, and were paddled out upon the river. At two p. m. we enter the expansion of the river known as lake George; two or three beautiful islands mark the entrance. This lake, or expansion, is some nine miles long by four broad, and is encompassed by some of the finest scenery on the river. Sweeping round the point, a view of wondrous beauty presents itself. The ship channel passes directly through the middle of the lake; on the Michigan shore are thick growths of white birches and hemlocks, while on the

right stretch away what appear, in the distance, to be a long line of bluffs, bearing almost exact resemblance to the Palisades on the Hudson; behind these loom up mountain summits, and behind the mountains stretches the forest, an unbroken wilderness to Hudson's Bay. Two promontories are here visible, with a gorge between, so exact in location with reference to the river, and so perfect in resemblance, that it is quite easy to imagine you are nearing old Dunderberg and Anthony's Nose on the Hudson, instead of Church's Landing, on the St. Mary's. Passing now amid the richest and most beautiful scenery, a grand curve in the river, here some two miles wide, discloses the St. Mary's rapids and the ship canal at the Sault. Four vessels ahead of us, and we await our turn to be locked through.

These famous rapids, which form the only obstruction to navigation between Superior and the lower lakes, are situated directly opposite this point; they are about three-quarters of a mile in width, the river having a fall of eighteen and one-half feet in the course of a mile in length; the bottom is rough and rocky, and covered with the swift rushing water to a depth of ten or twelve feet. The Indians pass the rapids in their canoes, which is the extent of "rapid" navigation; they are surmounted by the famous ship-canal, through which pass vessels drawing twelve feet of water.

The increasing amount of commerce on Lake Superior has caused the construction of another canal directly alongside the present one, which, when completed, will double their facilities for passing vessels around the rapids. At 5 p. m. we pass the locks and enter the river beyond. It is a wide and beautiful stream, attracting the passengers from the cabin, who gather on the vessel's bow. Twilight comes upon us, and clouds hover over the horizon; we realize what we have failed before to do to-day, namely that it is the Sabbath. A soft voice breaks the silence, and the rich music of

that grand old hymn, "Rock of Ages," falls upon the air. One and another join, and the chorus swells with many voices, and rounding the promontory, we enter Wiaska Bay. Through the darkness gleams the light on Point Iroquois, and we gather in the cabin to hear of that Light, which, shining out of spiritual darkness, was sent to illumine the world. Who among the Keeweenaw's company will ever forget that twilight hour? At 9.30 we sight the light on Whitefish Point, forty miles north of the Sault, the headland that marks the entrance into the waters of Lake Superior. Here is a fishing station from whence are shipped large quantities of white fish, for which the lakes are famous, as well as the lake trout, and delicious siskowett. Darkness has come upon us, and the wind has risen. At 11.30 we pass the point and enter the lake in the teeth of a roaring gale and a rising sea.

Monday, Sept. 1.—Woke at three a. m. by the tossing and pitching of the boat; wind blowing and sea fearfully rough. We skirt the Michigan shore, which appears about twenty miles to our left. At 6.30 passed the "Sand Dunes," huge banks of glistening sand. These dunes or banks stretch along the coast some twelve or fifteen miles, and are from 300 to 500 feet high. Seen in the light of the morning sun they resemble a huge mass of molten brass. Truly it was a splendid sight, when the sun burst out upon those huge grey piles. One moment they were dull and grey, and the next, alive with lambent flames, from a dull red in the shadows, to a burnished gold in the highlights, one huge mountain of glittering brass. Sea very rough; most of the passengers sick. At nine a. m. pass the Pictured Rocks, but not near enough to see them well. The grand arch looms up between the walls, and in the distance looks like the gateway to some huge fortress, with its bastions on either side. At 2.30 p. m. pass Grand Isle and Red Head, and soon are off Mar-

quette; sea still rough, passengers invisible; few staggering up and down the cabin. Now a wave, higher than the rest, hurls its white crest into the pilot house, and inundates the deck with its surge. At 3.30 sight Presque Isle, and enter the harbor at Marquette. Marquette, the most thriving and attractive port on the upper lakes, is located at the head of a beautiful bay, semi-circular in form, its wharves protected by a breakwater from the outside sea. Upon a high bluff, overlooking the bay and lake, are many beautiful dwellings. The iron mines, located some twelve miles back in the mountains, furnish business for the place. The quality of this iron is superior, and the quantity inexhaustible. Near by are one or two smelting works, but the bulk of the ore is shipped to Cleveland and other points where coal is more plenty than at Marquette. The city numbers some eight thousand inhabitants, and has some fine buildings. The National Bank, on Front street, built of Lake Superior sand-stone, is a fine structure; it is owned by one Peter White, who, when the cold of winter locks the watery highway, shutting up communication, traverses the wilderness to the Sault with a dog-train, carrying the mails and light packages to the dwellers of that inaccessible spot. A railroad now connects Marquette with Le Ause, and another with Green Bay, whence Chicago can be reached in twenty-four hours. It has a public water-works built at a cost of \$125,000, supplying the city with water from the lake; also, two good hotels, the Cowles House and Northwestern, the latter fronting the bay, and reminding one strongly of the Sea View at New Haven. Mr. Fred. Judd, a brother of Mrs. J. P. Merriman of this city, and known to many of our citizens, is engaged in business connected with the mines at this point. At 6.30 p. m. left Marquette and at sundown are well out again upon the lake.

Tuesday, Sept. 2d, 5 p. m.—Off Eagle Harbor, and wait-

ing daylight to effect an entrance; morning clear and cool, and the exhilarating effects of the pure atmosphere very perceptible. Eagle Harbor is located near the extremity of Keeweenaw Point, a large promontory jutting some sixty miles out into the lake, and containing within its limits the famous "Copper Region" of the Upper Peninsula. Here, in close proximity, are located the most prolific copper-bearing mines upon the continent, and of a richness unequalled in the world. Eagle Harbor is the point from which is shipped the products of the Copper Falls, Central, and other mines in the vicinity. It has two churches, a hotel, and a number of dwellings scattered about, but wears, generally, a dilapidated appearance. The harbor is small, difficult of entry, and open to the sweep of the northeast winds and storms.

Leave Eagle Harbor at 6:30 and make Eagle River, ten miles west, at 8:30. This place is the principal port of shipment for the products of the Phoenix, Cliff, and other mines lying from three to twelve miles back upon the hills. It takes its name from a small river which here falls into the lake, coursing down the mountain through a rocky gorge, whose chasm of a hundred feet is spanned by a bridge, from which a fine view is had of the gorge and river. A road passes from this point across the peninsula—some thirty or forty miles—to Hancock, including in its course the famous Calumet and Hecla, Quincy, Pewabic, and other mines. The first named are the most prolific of all the mines on the peninsula; they employ some fourteen hundred men, and at present are producing about one thousand tons of copper per month. At Hancock is the Quincy mine—the shaft visible from the river as you approach the town. The company have here a large stamp mill in operation, where the ore is crushed, barreled, and sent away to be smelted and refined.

Leaving Eagle River at 10 a. m., 4 p. m. brings us off Ontonagon, where we are to land some of our passengers and freight. This is a desolate-looking town, wearing the same dilapidated appearance as the other south shore ports, with the exception of Marquette. This is the point from whence is shipped the product of the Minnesota mine at Rockland, twelve miles in the interior, and once the richest and most valued mine on the peninsula. It is now worked on "tribute," as it is called, and the product is nominal. Silver is also being found in this region, some beautiful specimens in the mass having lately been taken out.

Continuing westward from the port, we leave the mining districts, passing Ashland and Bayfield *en route*. The beautiful group of the Apostle Islands is low on our left, and Michigan Island light burns brightly as, at 10 p. m., we leave it astern and pass northward toward Duluth.

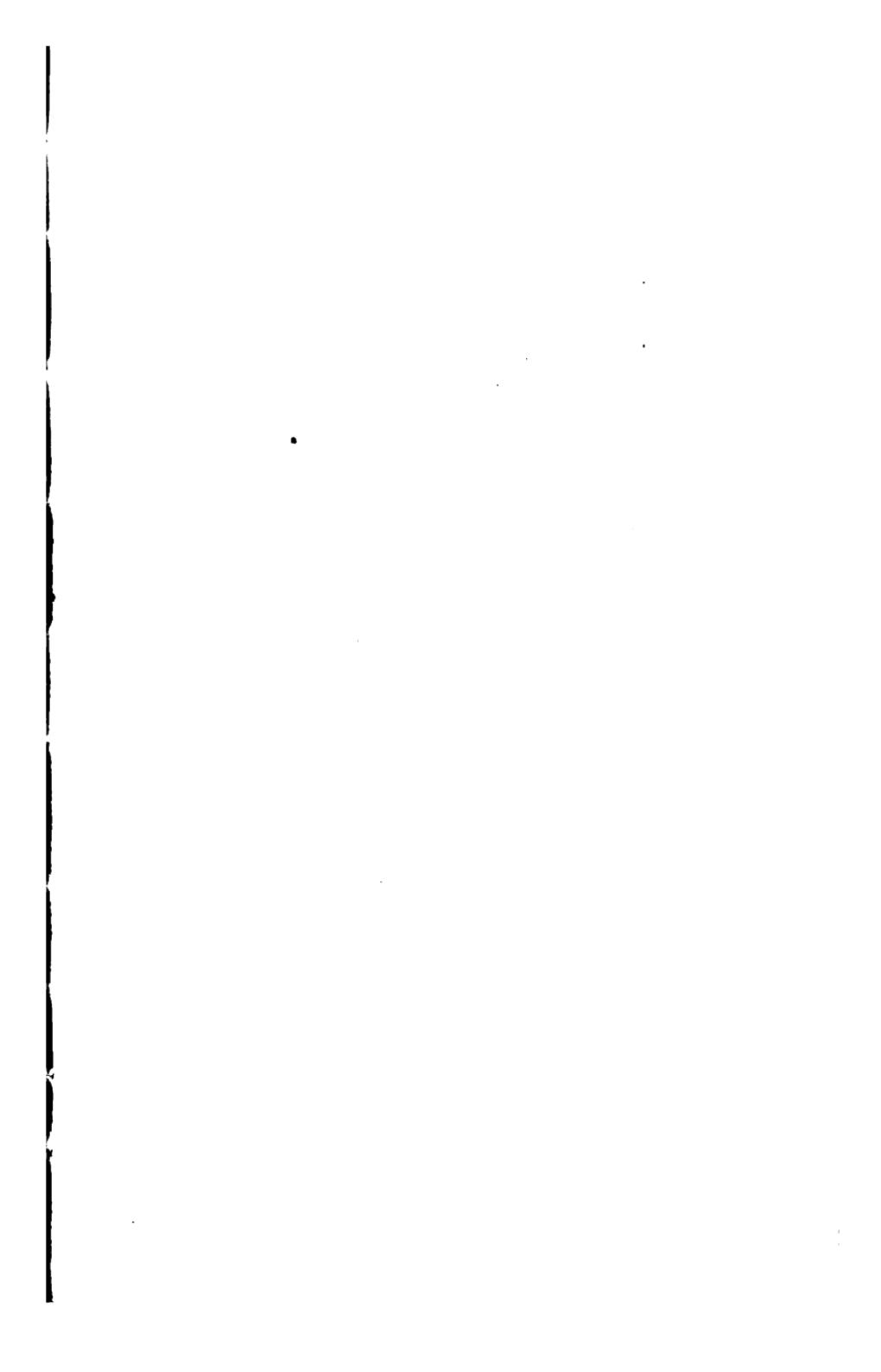
Sept. 3, 7:30 a. m.—"Duluth!" is called through the cabin, and, hurriedly finishing our toilet, we rush out to get a glimpse of the *ulta ma thule* of our journey,—the city we have come two thousand miles to see; and lo! amid half cloud and half sunshine, it appears before us. The city is located directly at the head of Lake Superior, and owes its importance to its having been chosen as the eastern terminus of the Northern Pacific road to Oregon and Puget Sound. This road having been heavily involved in the late storm which has swept over our financial center, Duluth is greatly interested, and her prospects are not what they were ere it burst upon us. A blow has come upon her from which time will be needed for her fully to recover. Geographically she is the Zion of the northwest, situated directly upon a side hill whose angle of inclination toward the lake is at least twenty-five degrees, favoring drainage to an excellent extent. Four years ago forest trees stood in Superior street, which to-day boasts some fine buildings, and is

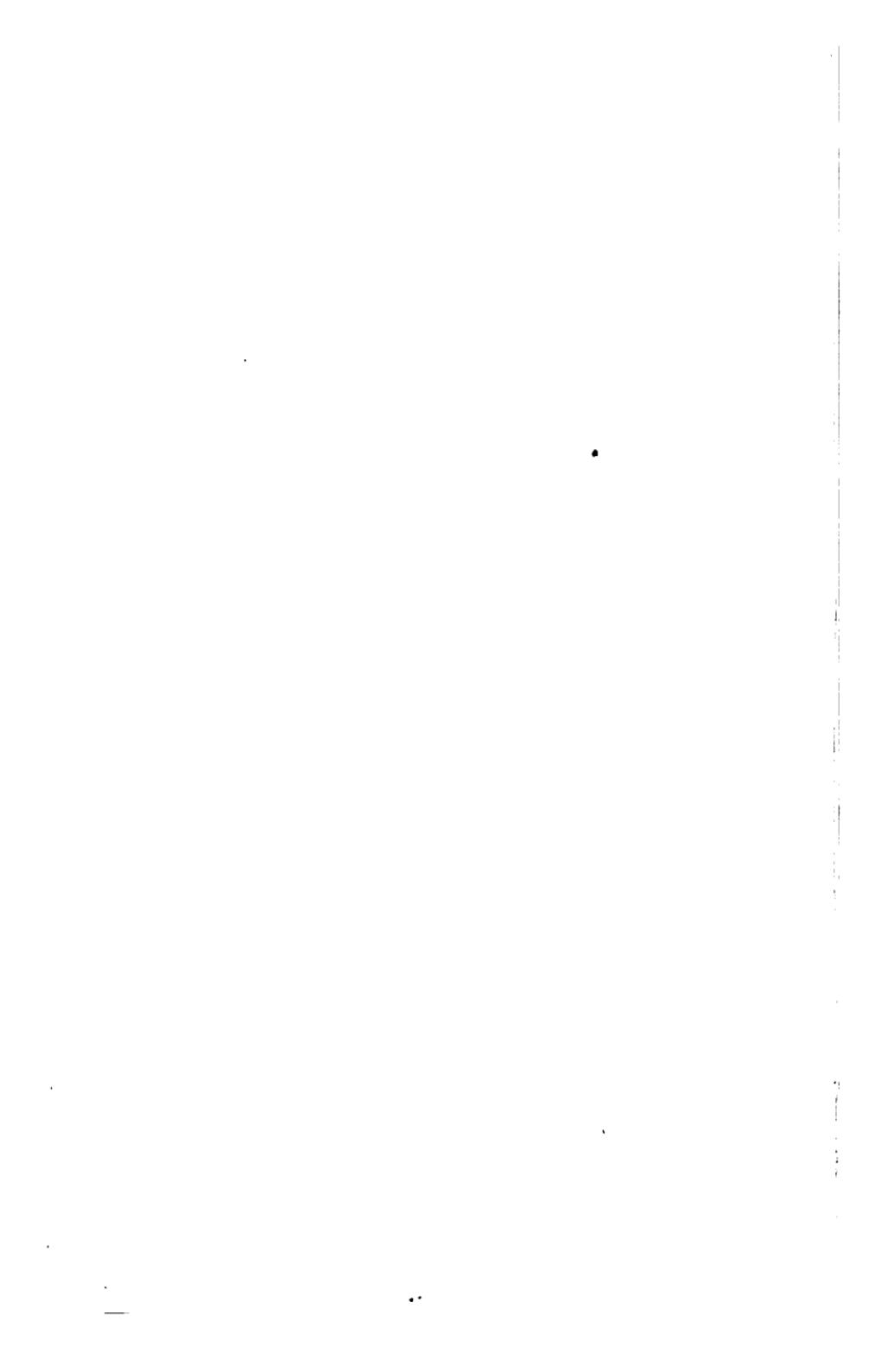
the chief thoroughfare. There are some ten or twelve churches in the place — speaking well for the morals of the new city. Many of the houses are built and finished in modern style, with Mansard roofs and trimmings, giving, as viewed from the lake, a pleasing appearance. The city boasts two hotels, the Clark House on Superior street being the chief. The St. Paul and Mississippi railroad connects here with St. Paul, one hundred and fifty-six miles southwest, and is at present the chief outlet. The harbor is poor, a breakwater — which was partially destroyed in November last by a heavy gale — being all there is to protect vessels from the full force of the east and northeast storms, traversing the whole length of the lake, four hundred and sixty miles. At the western extremity of the town lies Minnesota Point, a narrow, curved promontory, extending some five miles southward to the St. Louis river, which here falls into the lake, and on the opposite bank of which is located Superior City. Behind this point the river curves, and expands into a broad bay, whose waters extend on the east to the foot of the hillside on which Duluth is built; shipping, passing around and coming up to the city behind it, can find secure anchorage. A canal has lately been cut through the point opposite Duluth, allowing vessels to pass directly through and up the St. Louis river (navigable sixteen miles to Fond du Lac), leaving Superior City to mourn over her lost commerce and accept a position subordinate to the more fortunate Duluth. It is connected with Duluth by ferry. Duluth, commercially, is destined to become prominent, the vast grain fields of northern Minnesota and Dakotah finding here an outlet for their crops. I was told the wheat crop of Northern Minnesota which must pass this port this season would exceed forty-six million bushels, and the country yet in its infancy! What must it be when the *whole* of her vast and fertile acres are under cultivation, and pour their im-

mense tide through her gates, to be scattered throughout the world? And this is wheat alone, and other cereals are grown as well.

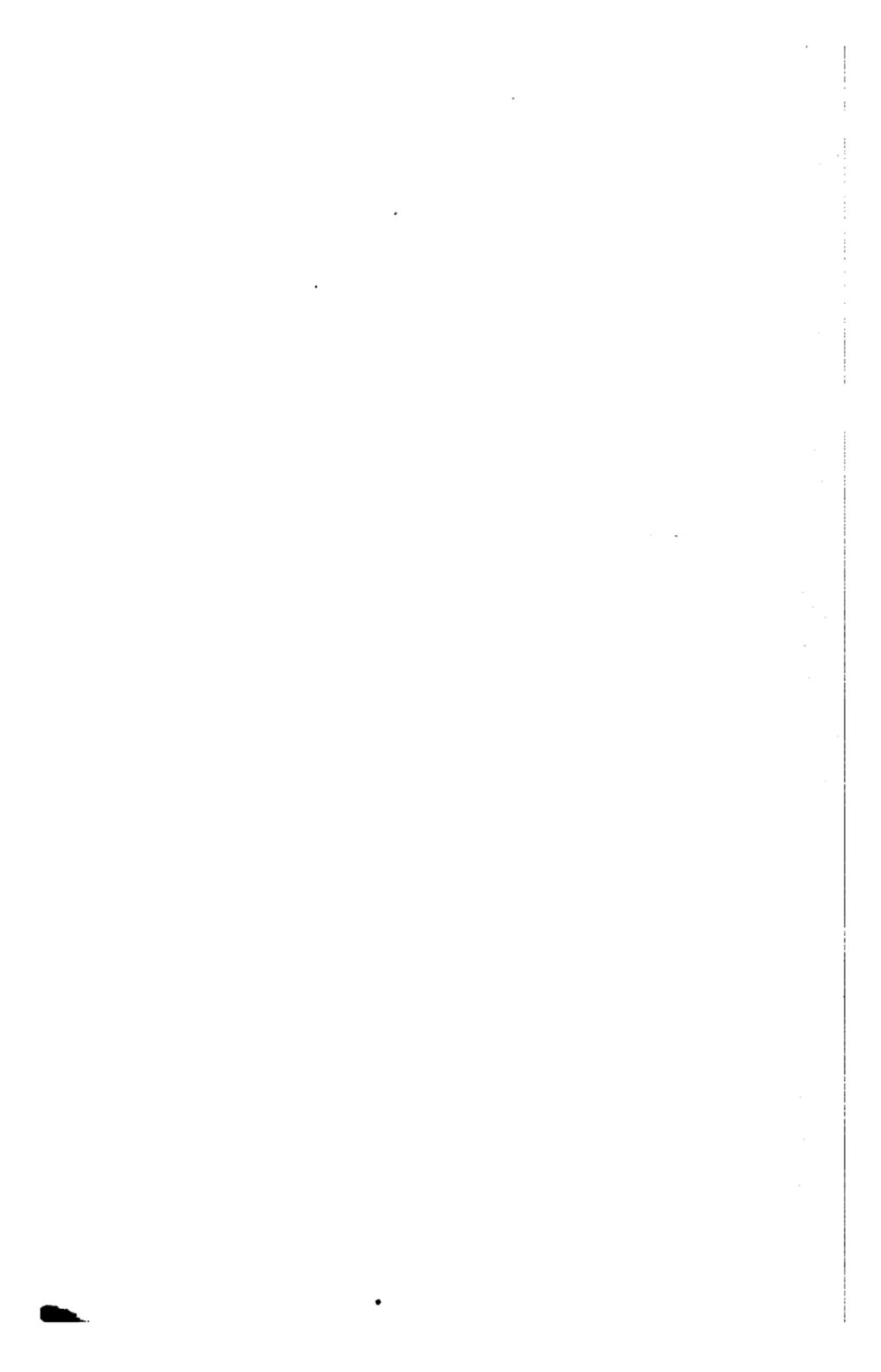
There are no minerals in this region. About two hundred and fifty miles eastward, on the north shore, lie Isle Royal and Silver Isle, rich both in silver and copper, and also precious stones. The agate, amethyst, and brilliant quartz, are found in great profusion, and may be purchased for a song. Remaining but a day to "do" the place, we left for home, returning via Lake Ontario, the St. Lawrence, and Lake Champlain. The Thousand Islands were romantic, the rapids magnificent, and Champlain, flanked on either side with lofty mountains, and gemmed with green isles and lovely bays, was beautiful; but a charm hangs around the scenery of the Great Lakes and their connecting rivers that travel in other and more frequented sections can neither diminish nor drive away.







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